Methodist Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1900.

CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA:

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).

PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF CANADA AT OTTAWA.

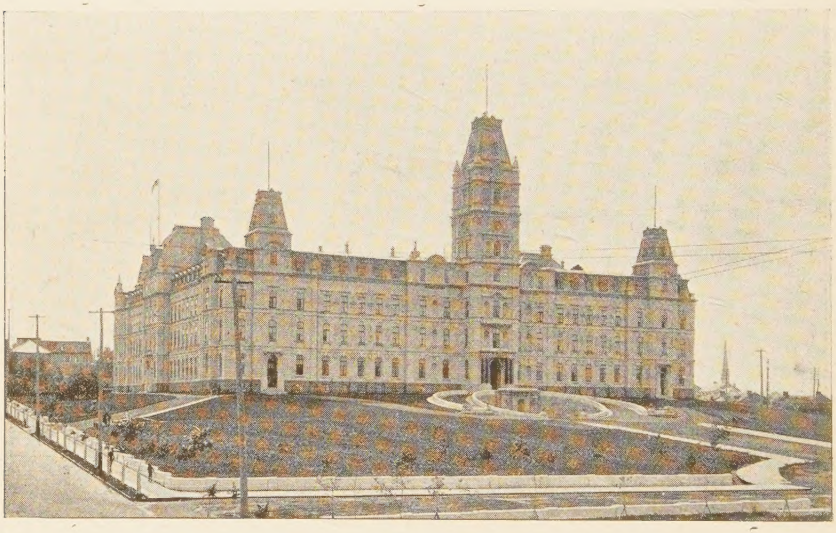
IV.

Every one who is at all conversant with Canadian political history for the past sixty years will recognize the fact that Canada owes much to men like Sir Louis Lafontaine, who successfully inaugurated responsible government after the union of 1841, and did a great deal to allay sectional jealousies and antagonisms. It was Sir George Cartier, a French Canadian statesman, who carried the province of Quebec with little or no friction into the federal union. In Mr. Pope's biography of Sir John Macdonald, which appeared some time ago, justice is done to the broad statesmanship and imperial conceptions of that great Canadian Premier whose name must be always associated with the political development of Canada since 1844; but, while we may commend the natural effort of a devoted private secretary to eulogise and emphasise the services of his chief, it is apparent that he has been too forgetful of the claims of Sir George Cartier, and of his followers from French Canada, to recognition. Canadians, at all events, know full well that, without the aid of his faithful friend

and colleague, Sir John Macdonald would have been helpless time and again, and could never have carried out his national schemes.

With the names of Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Cartier, who did so much by their broad statesmanship to settle sectional difficulties, and lay the foundations of Confederation, must be also intimately associated that of Mr. George Brown, for many years a prominent journalist in Upper Canada, and the leader of the Radical section of the Liberal party. The pertinacity with which he pressed the claims of the upper province to larger representation in the Canadian legislature, and the violence with which his newspaper, *The Globe*, attacked the institutions of French Canada, more than once excited sectional passion to a high pitch, and rendered government almost impossible. But by his readiness at last to co-operate with Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Cartier in the bringing about of Confederation, Mr. Brown showed he had statesmanlike conceptions of his duty at a national crisis, and placed his name in the front rank of the eminent public men who have done so much for Canada in the Victorian Era.

Happily for the present Dominion, there were also at the head of affairs in the maritime provinces men of large national ideas and signal ability; and while mistakes were undoubtedly made in the case of Nova Scotia, where a majority of the people for a time resented the haste with which their province was forced into the Union of 1867, yet one may now hesitate to dwell on the errors of judgment of those exciting times, thirty-two years ago, and may well urge that it might have been a far greater mistake had the Unionists of Nova Scotia delayed in seizing the opportunity of consolidating the provinces and preventing the perils to which they were exposed by remaining isolated from each other, at a time when they were subject to Fenian raids and the unfriendliness of the dominant party in the United States.



QUEBEC GOVERNMENT BUILDING, 1900.

Of the distinguished men who

brought about Confederation at so critical a period in Canadian affairs, nearly all have joined the ranks of the great majority. Sir Charles Tupper, who has filled many important positions in the councils of his country, and was premier of Nova Scotia from 1864 to 1867, and Sir Oliver Mowat, so long the discreet Premier of Ontario, still remain in active political life. Sir Hector Langevin, Senators Dickey and A. A. Macdonald, Hon. Peter

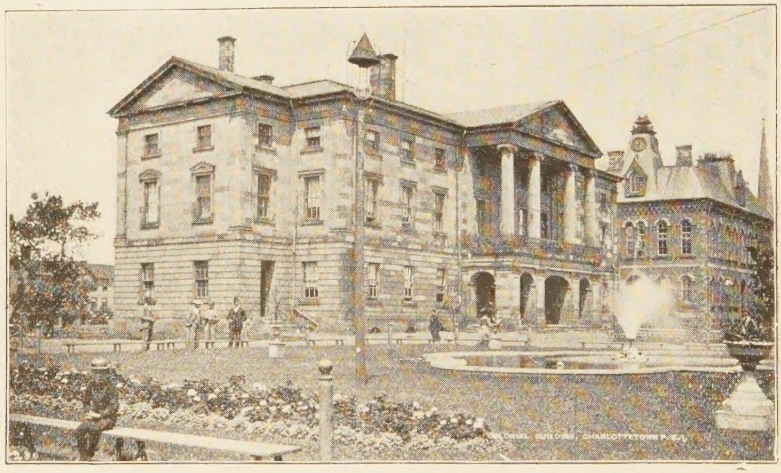
ONTARIO GOVERNMENT BUILDING, TORONTO, 1900.

Mitchell, and Hon. William McDougall complete the list of the survivors of the Quebec Convention of 1864. The encouraging success, which has so far attended the operation of Confederation, entitles the actors of 1864-67 to a memorable place in the annals of the reign.

In this review it has been my object to refer only to those salient features of the development of Canada, and to point out how much reasons Canadians have for congratulating themselves on the events of the last sixty years—a period contemporaneous with the reign of the present Queen—in which they have laid the foundations of their happiness and prosperity as one of the great communities which make up the empire. It is not within the scope of this paper to point out the shadows that may obscure the panorama as it unfolds itself before us. It would be strange if, in the government of a country like Canada, many mistakes had not been made, or if there were not many difficulties in store for the youthful confederation. Dr. Goldwin Smith, from time to time, has been disposed to perform the part of the Greek Chorus to the gloomy predictions of the enemies and lukewarm friends of the confederation, but Canadians will hardly allow themselves to be influenced by purely pessimistic utterances in the face of the difficulties that they have hitherto so successfully en-

countered, and of the courage and hopes that animate them for the future.

For a century and a half the French Canadians fought and bled for their country; they had to face famine and savages, war with the British, and, what was worse, the neglect and indifference of the parent state at the most critical period of their history; but since the conquest they have built up a large community by the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, and even the superior energy and enterprise of the English Canadians by bursts of sunlight, as the axe opened up new centres of settlement and echoed the progress of the advanced guards of civilization. Years of hardship and struggle ensued, and political difficulties followed to add to individual trials, but the people were courageous and industrious and soon surmounted the obstacles of early times. The material development went hand in hand with the political progress of the country. The magnificent heritage which the people of Canada now own is the result of unremitting toil and never-failing patience,



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, 1900.

have not prevented them from making a province which is essentially French Canadian, and affords many evidences of prosperity due to the hardihood of the race that inhabits it.

A century and more has passed since the English-speaking people sought their fortunes in the West or on the shores of the Atlantic. For years many of these hardy pioneers led toilsome lives—lives of solitude, among the great forests that overshadowed the whole country; but year by year the darkness of the woods was brightened and, summing up the achievements of the past, they may well look forward with hopefulness to the future, for of them it may be truly said:

> "Men the workers ever reaping something new;
> That which they have done but earnest of the things that they will do."

What is to be the next great step in the political career of Canada is a question which frequently occurs to imperial as well as colonial statesmen. One thing is quite certain, that the movement is towards

the placing of the relations between the parent state and its great dependency on a basis which will strengthen the empire and at the same time give Canada even a higher position in the councils of the imperial state.

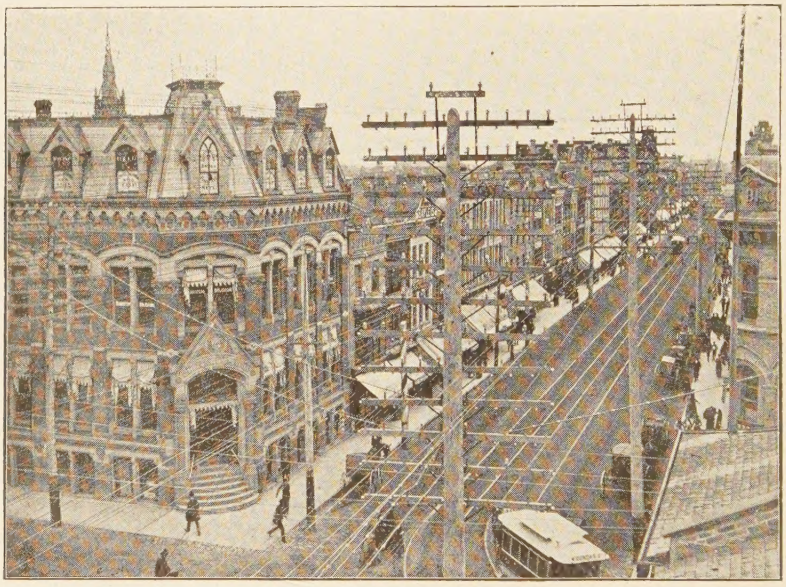
The federation of the empire in the full sense of the term may be considered by some practical politicians as a mere political phantasm, never likely to come out in a tangible form from the clouds where it was long concealed; and yet who can doubt that out of the grand conception, which first originated in the brain of Franklin and Otis, statesmen may yet evolve some scheme that will render the empire secure from the dangers which arise from continual isolation, and from the growth of peculiar and distinct interests, that naturally result from the geographical situation of communities so widely separated from each other throughout the world?

At the Ottawa Conference of 1894, when delegates from Australasia and South Africa discussed with Canadian representatives questions affecting the empire at large, not a word was said on the subject of Imperial Federation. Imperial defence was not even considered; but, despite this studied neglect of a scheme which, more than once, had been eloquently urged by several representatives—especially by Mr. Foster, then Finance Minister of Canada—it is probable that this convention would never have met were it not for the efforts of enthusiastic supporters of the movement for some years back to create a deeper interest in colonial affairs and Imperial connection. At the Conference commercial questions absorbed the attention of the delegates, and perhaps some historical students may recall the fact that considerations of trade and finance led to the famous convention that created "a more perfect union" in 1787 for the American States previously bound together by a loose confederation.

Some strong reasons may be

LONDON, UPPER CANADA, 1848.
—*From Alexander's "L'Acadie."*

urged by not a few persons, from an Imperial point of view, for giving Imperial assistance to such practical propositions as a fast Atlantic and Pacific steam service between Canada, Australasia, and Great Britain—soon to be realized between Canada and the parent State—and the laying of a cable "free from all foreign control" between the Dominion and Australasia. One can see in the resolutions of the Conference advocating larger and freer commercial relations between the colonial dependencies, as well as the removal of any restraints that may be imposed by Imperial treaties on the right of Canada and other colonies to regulate their tariffs as they deem most expedient, some important evidence of the growing desire among colonial statesmen to give greater unity to the colonial empire. The Conference also urged on English statesmen the necessity of reconsidering the position they have assumed since the days of Cobden and Peel, and adopting a policy which would give a preference to colonial products in the markets of Great Britain and create an Imperial Zollverein; but while no practical step has been taken in this direction by the Imperial Ministry or Parliament since the passing of the resolution, yet one sees in the speeches of prominent British public men, as well as in the strong desire evinced by Mr. Laurier and his ministerial colleagues, to draw closer to the Imperial state, the most encouraging sign for the unity and integrity of the empire at large.



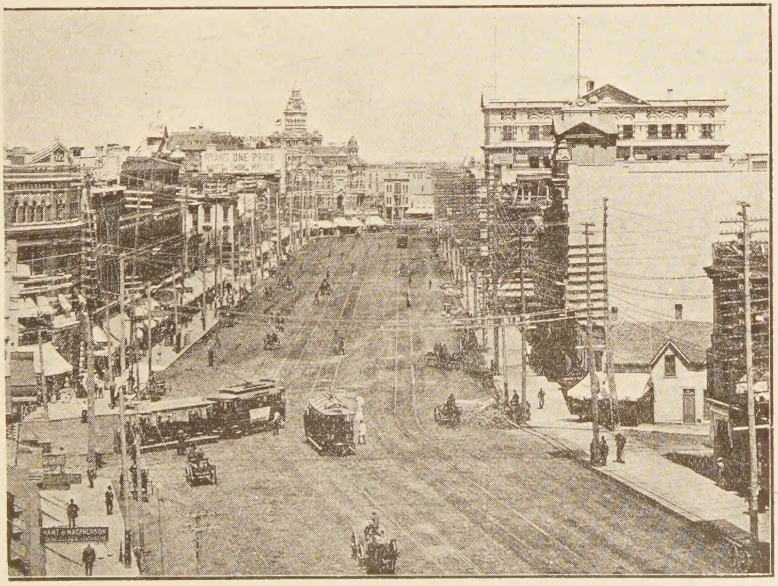
VIEW OF MAIN STREET, LONDON, 1900.

Indeed it is obvious that while Canadians may differ as to methods of action, neither Government nor Opposition have any doubts as to the advisability of strengthening the connection between the Dominion and the Mother Country. This is the paramount question of the day among the classes—among people and statesmen—and practi-

WINNIPEG IN 1870.
—*From A. J. Russel's "Hudson's Bay and N. W. T."*

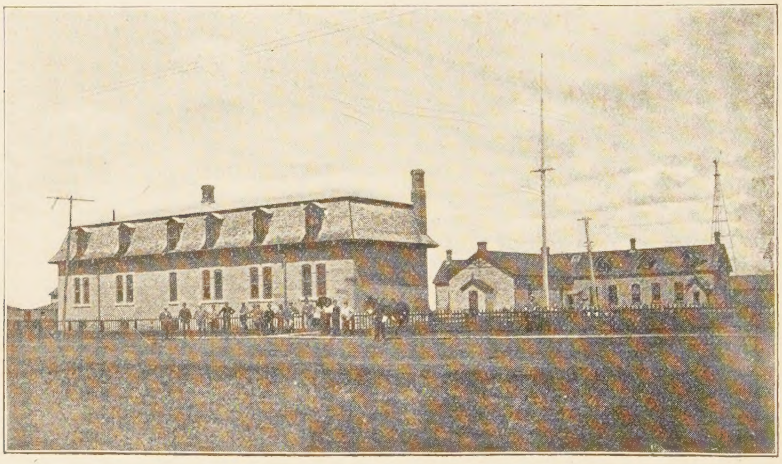
cal results of great significance must be evolved ere long.

Only a few words in conclusion. Looking at the history of the Canadian dependency for sixty years, one can see in all the phases of its political development there has ever run "an increasing purpose." The statesmen of England and her colonies have, perhaps, builded better than they knew. The destiny that shapes our ends, "rough-hew them how we will," has been carrying the empire in a direction beyond the ken and conception of probably the most sanguine and practical minds. When we consider that the union



VIEW OF MAIN STREET IN WINNIPEG, 1900.

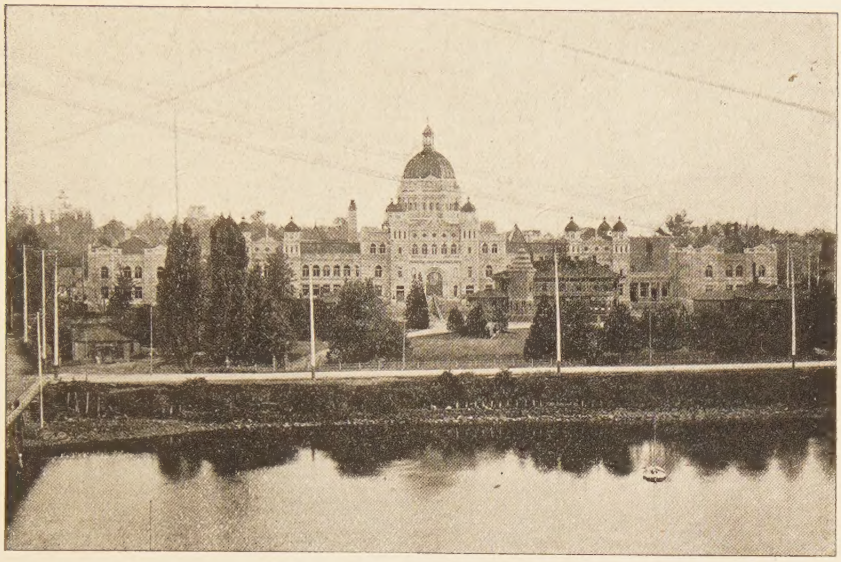
of the two Canadas was followed in about a quarter of a century by the federation of all the provinces, and that this great measure has been also supplemented, after a lapse of thirty years, by a conference of delegates from the most distant colonial possessions, we may well believe that the thoughts of men are indeed widened throughout England and her dependencies "by the process of the suns," and that powerful current of human thought and progress which is everywhere making itself felt is carrying forward the empire, not into an unknown sea of doubt and peril, where it may split into many fragments, but into a haven where it may rest in the tranquil waters of peace and security.



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, REGINA, N.W.T.

As long as the respective members of the Federation observe faithfully the principles on which it necessarily rests—perfect equality among all the sections, a due consideration for local rights, a deep Imperial as well as Canadian sentiment whenever the interests of the whole Federation are at stake—the people of this Dominion need not fear failure in their efforts to accomplish the great work in which they have been so long engaged. Full of that confidence that the history of the past should give them, and of that energy and courage which are their natural heritage, and which have already achieved the most satisfactory results in the face of difficulties which, sixty years ago, would have seemed insurmountable; stimulated by their close neighbourhood to a nation with whom they have always shown a desire to cultivate such relations as are compatible with their dignity, their security, and their self-interest as a separate and distinct community; adhering closely to those principles of government which are best calculated to give moral as well as political strength; determined to put down corruption in whatever form it may show itself, and to cultivate a sound public opinion, Canadians may tranquilly, patiently, and determinedly face the problem of the future.

When Canadians review the trials and struggles of the past in the interesting story of their country, they may well gain from them lessons of confidence for the future,



BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT VICTORIA, 1900.

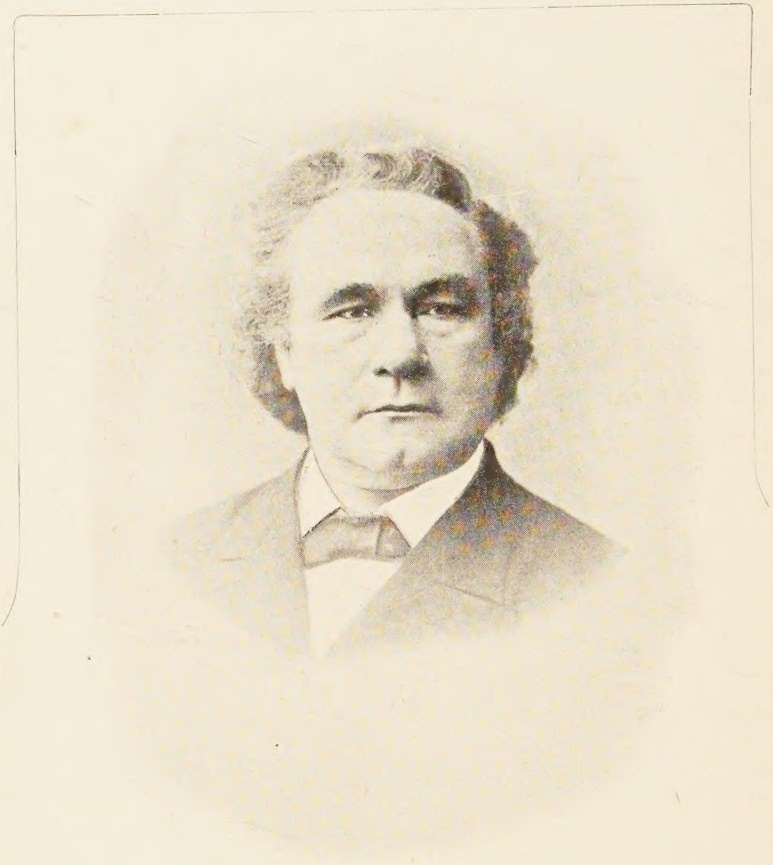
and cannot forget to pay a tribute to the men who laid the foundations of these communities, still on the threshold of their development, and on whom the great burden fell; to the French Canadians who, amid toil and privation, amid war and famine, built up a province which they had made their own by their patience and industry, and who should, differ as we may from them, evoke our respect for their fidelity to the institutions of their origin, and for their appreciation of the advantages of English self-government, and for their co-operation in all great measures essential to the unity of the Federation; to the Loyalists of last century who left their homes for the sake of "king and country" and laid the foundations of prosperous and loyal English communities by the sea and by the great lakes, and whose descendants have ever stood true to the principles of the institutions which have made England free and great; to the unknown body of pioneers, some of whose names, perhaps, still linger on a headland or river, or on a neglected gravestone, who brought the sunlight year by year to the dense forests, and built up by their industry the large and thriving provinces of the Dominion; to the statesmen who laid deep and firm, beneath the political structure of this Federation, those principles of self-government which give harmony to the constitutional system and bring out the best qualities of an intelligent people.

And above all, let Canadians of all classes and nationalities unite with heart and soul, loyally to pay a just tribute to the great Queen, during whose beneficent reign Canadians have received such large political privileges, and whose virtues as a woman and sovereign have placed her in the estimation of her subjects in every part of the empire, on an eminence of love and respect which none of her royal predecessors, not even "Good Queen Bess," have ever been able to reach in the brightest eras of English history.

The End.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER.*

BY THE REV. J. E. LANCELEY.



THE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.,
City Temple, London, Eng.

My first impressions of Dr. Parker were not what would be called favourable. I had no acquaintance with him as a preacher or writer. His name was "in the air;" and some of my acquaintances had formed their opinions and were free to speak of him as a good specimen of the bumptious type. I had no fondness for that species, and therefore I did not interest myself in what he might be saying or doing.

I visited England in the summer of 1884. While in London, seeing the wonders, I, with others, took in the Thursday noonday ser-

* A pathetic interest is given to this article from the fact that it was the last literary work of its writer. He did not even see the proof-sheets. As it passed through the press the fingers that wrote it were cold in death. It comes to us almost like a voice from the other world. On another page we have paid our personal tribute to the worth and work of the Rev. John Lanceley.—ED.

vice at City Temple Church. I went without much anticipation, and with, perhaps, a little prejudice. Though it was a week day, and although it was the noon hour, and though—like Peter on the housetop at Joppa—I was an hungered, I soon felt myself in the house of God, and realized my privilege of being blessed therein. I gave myself up to the surroundings as congenial.

I first saw Dr. Parker on his entrance to the pulpit that day. My first impression was: "I shall have to think something of that man; he cannot be counted out." Every movement impressed me favourably. I liked the dignity and reverence with which the service was conducted, especially when it was not "performed" as the letter of ritualism. With a living freshness, there was a majesty about everything which voiced itself to me in the formulation: "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness." The prayer was alive. It surrounded my heart and carried it upward as in a cloud swept by the breath of heaven, then brought it back again and set it praying for the numberless needs of men as they were rehearsed before the Mercy Seat. The prayer was a powerful factor in the service. It seemed as though a power had been turned on from the unseen and all the energies were moving responsive to its life-giving touch.

After the prayer I was thoroughly a partaker in the exercises of worship. The singing was all I could wish for. I early marked a leading singer in the choir who could not be forgotten. I knew not then who she was. The sermon was a straightforward, clear-cut exposition and application of one of the Old Testament minor characters and his place in the Divine plan. A pencil record in my diary for that day says: "Went to hear Dr. Jos. Parker at noon. Great! Enjoyed service very much indeed. Fine, noble thought, majestic presence, magnanimous spirit, dramatic power. A helpful service to all."

It is a custom with Dr. Parker to invite strangers to meet him in his vestry at the close of the service. This was accepted by a goodly number on that occasion. But not by me. In all my travels, I have never yet been able to go and introduce myself to any person of prominence. On two or three occasions after this, during my stay in London, I went to hear Dr. Parker, but could never make up my mind to go and present myself and my thanks to him. I felt so small in his presence that I could not muster enough of myself together to make a show worth offering to his acquaintance. I did most surely desire to know more of him, but expected henceforth to learn it through his written words. It was not a formal call I wanted; so I little cared for a two minutes' exercise of "bow in and bow out." It would mean nothing to me. He could not know me thus, nor could I know him so.

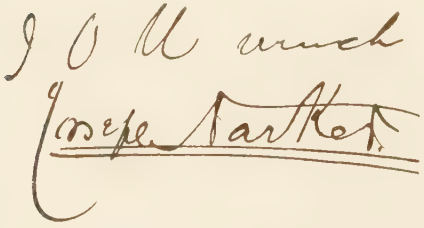
I left London, therefore, with an attachment formed, and a purpose to maintain it. I already knew much of him. Of me he knew nothing. I little cared; for there was little to know.

After some three weeks' sojourn in the north of England, the day arrived for my home-bound trip. On Thursday afternoon, August 7th, as our Mersey packet neared the side of the White Star Liner Germanic, I looked up to the deck and saw Dr. Parker, among others, leaning over the vessel's side watching us take ship.

I was greatly joyed to think that a fair opportunity for acquaintance seemed to promise itself. I was shy, and kept aloof that evening;

but I learned that we had a very delightful list of cabin passengers, including Sir Lyon Playfair, Salvini, the dramatist, Clara Louise Kellogg, the eminent contralto, Prof. Savery, of Harrogate College, Miss Agnes Sibley, of Taunton Wesleyan College staff, and Dr. Joseph Parker, with his most interesting wife.

It was on this ocean voyage that I came to know Dr. and Mrs. Parker. I am sure I did not intrude, yet we found ourselves much together. My diary has two records in brief; one: "Spent good deal of to-day with Dr. Parker; we seem to get along splendidly together;" and the other: "Spent this evening with Mrs. Parker in delightful conversation." On the last evening of the voyage, as we sat writing letters in the cabin, I pushed a sheet of paper over to the Doctor and asked him to "scratch off" that "terrible autograph" of his for my wife's album. He pushed the paper on to Mrs. Parker, saying: "You do that for me, Emma." She wrote her own, then passed it back to him. He took up the pen, hesitated a moment or two, and wrote:



I was silenced by such a kindly act. I could not see any egotism or bumptiousness within forty miles of such an expression toward me. I was inextricably in his debt for the inspiration of many an hour's profitable converse during the voyage, now nearly at an end.

In the morning we parted. Dr. and Mrs. Parker had crossed the sea to spend a quiet fortnight in the Catskills with Henry Ward Beecher at his summer home, and proposed returning to England immediately after the visit. He made no public appearance at all during his brief stay.

In the fall of 1887—three years after—during which interval Mr. Beecher had been called to his eternal reward, Dr. Parker was invited to come to Brooklyn and deliver an eulogy on his departed friend. He accepted the invitation. In connection with this public visit, he was persuaded by Major Pond to undertake a lecture tour. He was quite strongly opposed to this at first. He had never posed as a lecturer. He was a preacher, head and heart. However, under great persuasion, he made the engagement. It was more than he could enjoy. He never deemed his American lecture tour an interesting reminiscence as a whole. However, it was a very great pleasure to his many admirers in this country to have seen his face and heard his voice.

Mrs. Parker accompanied him through all of his western tour. This made it endurable, and lightened the pressure of fatigue.

When the date of their Toronto engagement was arranged, Dr. Parker wrote me to Thorold, where I was then stationed, and asked me to come to Toronto and be their guest at the Rossin House for the three days they would be here. I came over, but did not need to accept their hospitality, as I had a sister resident in the city.

It was while spending the days with them here, he arranged his course so as to spend a Saturday and Sunday with me at Thorold. I know that this was done at the cost of an engagement which would have been of considerable financial benefit; and I was greatly honoured that they should choose to share our hospitality and give my people such a gracious surprise

as they received on that Sabbath, when he preached in that Canadian county town a sermon the hearers will never forget.

Whatever impression Dr. Parker may make on others, to me he was like a big boy chum. He seemed to delight in telling me anything I could ask, and he humored me in laughing at my simple jokes as if they were great. Mrs. Parker was —lovely. She was equal to any environment. She was adjustable to the child or the philosopher, and could with perfect ease play the counterpart of either. We will speak of her again. She has gone from our gaze, and we have a few words in memoriam to utter. A few weeks ago I was pleased to receive from Dr. Parker a copy of his recently written autobiography. To me it reads with an uncommon interest, and it will be to many thousands more. It is a pleasing study to seek out the causes which give us such an effect in character.

It is easy to see how a man comes to carry a self-assertive manner, when he has, from his youth up, been forced to carve his way forward against fearful odds. It required independence to carry the flag of Nonconformity, and not let it trail for want of breezes from the high lands. It required a strong personality, and a consciousness of that strength, to hold one's bear-

THE LATE MRS. EMMA PARKER.

ings and carry one's form erect amid the parade of ecclesiasticism and the arrogance of a state-fed clergy, with which in his rising years he had to contend. A man was driven by surrounding professionalism to assume an air which spoke only the truth when it announced—I am quite as good as you are, and willing to be tested at your leisure.

From the record, we learn that Dr. Parker was born in April, 1830, and is therefore just in his seventieth year. He preached his first sermon in 1848, when only eighteen years of age. He entered upon his charge in City Temple when thirty-nine years of age. In labours abundant he has wrought a great work for Christianity in the Metropolis, and has spoken an evangelistic gospel to the ends of the earth.

The chapters in his recent book which treat of his early memories, and his schoolmasters, and the reformers and lecturers whom he heard as a young man, show us that he was no namby-pamby youth, who frittered away his leisure hours in social fads, sowing only unto the wind. He was made as men are made who men must be.

It is significant of the high culture of the spiritual faculty, that to him all things have their culmination in the spiritual. Their value is written for him on the register of the spiritual scales in which he regularly weighs all things.

In this "Autobiography," the most intense chapter is that on his "inner life." And, surely enough, what is a Christian's autobiography if not shown from the inner side? How could we read the life of David without the Psalms? We are deeply grateful to our honoured brother that he has been pleased to open to us the door of his living room, and bid us enter awhile and commune about the things of the soul.

He prays with us first, before he unfolds his secrets to us. He says:

> "Eternal Spirit! help me now to tell how it was that I decided to give my whole life to the side of things best expressed by the name of Christ and by the triumphant sorrow of His Cross."

He then proceeds to tell us that he cannot remember the time when he did not in some degree know the love of Jesus. He knew the Scriptures, because it was the book most read in their house. He always believed in, and practised, and enjoyed prayer. It was always real to him. He remembers a Sunday night when, walking with his father and his Sunday-school teacher, he declared to them his love for Christ, and at the same time gave his child heart into God's gracious keeping. "It was a summer evening, according to the reckoning of the calendar; but according to a higher calendar, it was in very deed a Sunday morning through whose white light and emblematic dew and stir of awakening life, I saw the gates of the kingdom and the face of the King."

This chapter is a very valuable testimony to the power of a strong conviction on points of doctrine. It would seem that his creed had all been tested by experience; that he had faithfully attempted to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." After fifty years' preaching, untrammelled even by what are called denominational obligations, he asserts with great clearness his evangelical "credo." It is of the heart; and he would that we should give it the broadest and loftiest spiritual interpretation. He says that he "never had one momentary doubt as to the deity of Jesus of Nazareth," and that "that holy certainty kept all the articles of faith in their proper place."

After a beautiful testimony to the power of the doctrines of saving

grace—extending over many pages—he closes the chapter thus:

"I should account myself unfaithful if I could write my biography, and leave out the very pith and blood of the story. I make no apology for the insertion of these spiritual experiences; they have ruled my whole life; they have been the stay of my soul and the inspiration of my ministry. I have companied with the Man of Nazareth and Calvary in all holiest and tenderest love—love surpassing the love of a woman—ardent like an altar flame. I have never allowed my Lord to come within the lines of mere criticism. Does a man put up his wife for a bid in the market-place of impertinent opinion? Will a man allow cold criticism to vivisect the mother who bore him? . . . I will not listen to changeable, pedantic, self-satisfied opinion about my Redeemer, nor will I allow capricious opinion to put on and take off His royal crown just as fickle moods may come and go. . . . Christ is not a picture to be admired; He is a Saviour to be trusted and served. Christ is not a problem to be intellectually solved; He is a priest—a daysman—who can lay His hand upon God and the sinner, separated by an infinite diameter, and make them one by His reconciling blood.

"My blessed One! Ever adorable, infinite in strength and grace! Thou hast made me in Thine own way a minister of Thine, and set upon me the warm red seal which covers my whole heart! Daily let me kiss the five wounds borne for me in death's agony; daily let me shelter in the sanctuary cut for me in Thy quivering side by man's cruel spear. Now that old age is creeping on, and the prick of the sickle is being felt on the outer edges of the standing corn, I would praise the Lord with loftier ecstasy, and devote myself to His service with fonder love. Be this the brightest of my reminiscences: that the Anointed of God, the Christ whose Atonement belongs to the eternities, so revealed Himself to my sin and my need in life's dark and troubled night that I cried out with heartfelt thankfulness: 'My Lord and my God,' and then saw the morning that cannot be imagined, and received the peace that cannot be perturbed."

The chapters on his pastorates, and especially that of City Temple, are full of very delightful incident, and in this respect interesting to all readers. As matters of historic detail, they will have a wider interest to Englishmen than to Americans, forasmuch as the history of Nonconformity is a large factor in the history of England in general.

We are glad to have a good likeness of Mrs. Parker to set before our readers, as we make special reference to her name. It is but a little over a year ago that the tidings of her death brought sorrow to very many hearts, and almost broke the vessel which had held her as its precious treasure for thirty-four years.

Mrs. Parker was certainly a very remarkable woman. She was one of the most constructive characters I ever met, and seemed to have a place for everything in her conception of the Divine purpose. She seemed to live in constant obedience to the Golden Rule.

Then she had such unending resources. She sang beautifully. It was her presence I had marked leading the chorals on the day I first worshipped in City Temple. She did so for years. She rehearsed poetry and prose delightfully, and her memory was full of the choicest. She conversed on every live subject with interest. She could engage in a good brisk argument with a fascinating patience. She could read the Greek, or German, or French Bible, as easily as her own, and delighted in the Italian language as one of the colours in her kaleidoscope of vision. She wrote also with a dignity of both thought and expression far beyond the common pen. Just an illustration:

In April, 1897, The Temple Magazine made up a little symposium for its readers on "Woman's Favourite Attribute in Man." Such able women as Hulda Friederichs, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Mrs. Rentone Esler, Mary Angela Dickens contributed, as also did Mrs. Joseph Parker. Able articles

enough came from each of the four mentioned; yet they seemed to be at home in the littleness of the subject. A few words from Mrs. Parker show in an instant the breadth of her view :

"I should venture to reply that what women desiderate in a man is not an attribute, nor even many attributes, but a sum total of reliable and lovable humanity. A predominant attribute would be very apt to be a bore. . . For my part I think that all undue analysis and vivisection of our fellow creatures—men or women—is to be avoided. By dismembering them you destroy them. A flower may be a very interesting 'botanical specimen' when you have divided it into its component parts, but it has ceased to be a flower. So, a man cut up into sections of 'generosity,' 'courage,' 'truthfulness,' and the like has ceased to be a man ; he is only an anthropological specimen. . . I think we should get more comfort, both from our fellows and from our Lord, if we took them in their entirety and not as so many disjointed attributes. It is atmosphere that gives charm ; and it is the subtle, indescribable atmosphere in which the virtues dwell together in unity that creates the lovable whole."

No loftier tribute was ever sung by one mortal of another than that within the covers of this book under the heading of "An irreparable loss." It must be perused, without haste, in all its marvel of human wealth of worth, to be appreciated. After many pages of affectionate biography, her stricken husband adds :

"Who can estimate the influence of such a woman upon my public life? Think of the continual inspiration, the ennobling graciousness, the summer-like brightness and joy. Never a complaint, never a murmur, never an unworthy criticism. Surely God sent this holy and tender heart to reordain me day by day to the apostolate of Calvary. For this richest of heaven's blessings I would without ceasing thank God with an overflowing love. Emma was my pastor at home. She had the gift of healing in a marvellous degree, combined with an equal gift of insight, the whole life adorned and sanctified by a modesty steadfast and incorruptible."

When the great separation came, it tells of a grief which only love can know and only truth incarnate can feel. Great souls hate shams. They must have truths to feed upon. Hence, when the testing time comes, the trial is very severe, the fire is heated "seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated," that there be no invalidity to the trial and no flaw in the victory. The world of sorrowing hearts is richer to-day because of the conflict of this lover with the robber of our homes and hearts. Down in the valley of the shadow he wrestled with the Scythe-man to rescue the one for whom he would have gladly exchanged every other possession. Determined by love to take even heaven's will by violence, the one who had prayed peace into many and many a soul could not pray peace into his own. He helped others, himself he could not help. He never was so near to Jesus before. It was a costly vision; it was an expensive uplift. "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?" He did. Behold the battle; it was no holiday fight.

"My heart breaks as I think of it. 'Keep me, hold me' were her last words; then the panting, succeeded by the long breathing, then the lessening respiration —then less—then heaven."

"In that dark hour I became almost an atheist. How could I be otherwise,— my chief joy taken from me—my only joy—the joy that gave gladness to everything else—the joy that made holy work a sacrament? O the Gethsemane bitterness! the Calvary solitude! I had secretly prayed God to pity me by sparing her ; yet He set His foot upon my prayers and treated my petitions with contempt. If I had seen a dog in such agony as mine I would have pitied and helped the dumb beast. Yet God spat upon me and cast me out as an offence—out into the waste wilderness and the night black and starless. 'My feet had well-nigh slipped.'

"Then a cruel voice said: 'Renounce Him! Defy Him! He forsook His own Son on the Cross. Hate Him and join us whom He derides and torments as devils! My soul was exceeding sorrowful,

even unto death. In that anguish I heard another voice say: 'My dear, all is well; the mystery will be explained. Even at sixty-eight your work has hardly begun.' I knew her tone. It sounded clearly in my soul's soul, by which sign I knew that this daughter of God had seen the beauty of the King. From that hour I was enabled to take up my ministry and do the Divine bidding with a warmer zeal. God help me, and God help all stricken souls."

There are a great many things to be said from a fellowship such as I have had with these two great hearts. It accelerates one's heart action to come into touch with the pulsations of their friendly beating. It stirs all our souls to have witnessed the struggle of the heart in its jealousy of love to redeem its object from the grasp of death. But we learn the greater lesson of the greater triumph. We will pity the sorrowing heart for the little while, and then joy with the risen soul in its emancipation. I will close this tribute by giving you the words of victory with which the Autobiography makes its last refrain:

"I am nearing Yonderland. Soon, mayhap to-morrow, to-night, I may see the King. So near is Yonderland." Even if this is reverie, it should be followed by great practical issues, for it should soften the heart, enlarge all social charity and ennoble the gentlest affections; it should make the distressful present endurable. When I think of Yonderland, forgiveness becomes easy and hope for the worst of souls becomes brighter. What a land of reminiscence it must be! How man will say to man, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.' Then will it be seen that even the kingdom of *earth* is like a grain of mustard seed. I hope to tell the inhabitants of Yonderland that the earth is advancing towards a plentiful harvest of holiness and love and brotherhood. I hope to be welcomed by many a comrade who did not quite understand me down here in the cold grey clouds of time.

"'We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.'

"We shall have no remembrance of jealousies and angers and selfish rivalries. The language of Yonderland has no words for base emotions,—it is a pure tongue, and a speech undefiled. I want everybody to be there. Oh, promise me not to fail of the gate."

TITIAN'S "ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST."

(At Tzintzunzan, State of Morelia, Mexico.)

BY FRANCIS S. BORTON.

An old gray church all full of other years,
With knee-worn pavement stained by bitter tears;
Sunlight without, but graveyard gloom within
The house where God forgives His creatures' sin.

A charnel odour loads the still, cold air,
As if the spirits of dead men were there;
Until, awe-sticken by the half-lit gloom,
We shudder as though shut within a tomb!

But suddenly a window opens wide
And afternoon pours in its golden tide,
Showing us there upon the old stone wall,
Of Titian's genius, masterpiece of all.

A pallid Christ, all mutely tombward borne
By faithful hearts, all dumb and sorrow-torn;
A few disciples there, by fear late driven—
A Magdalene and mother—anguish-riven.

O pallid Christ, so lately all forlorn,
O faithful hearts, all bleeding now and torn,
Christ does but sleep, he soon shall wake again,
To set His kingdom in the hearts of men!

Puebla, Mexico.

BARBE-JULIE DE KRUDENER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MILTON HAMMELL, PH.D.

II.

Theosophy teaches the existence of Mahatmas—the perfected—who, by strenuous endeavour, inflexible will, philanthropic self-renunciation, have accomplished in themselves a vital process of moral evolution, and now, from the plane of their superior life, minister to the advancement of humanity.

Their spiritual perfectness is not for themselves alone, but for that race of which they still constitute a part. Imparting instruction to those who have become sufficiently matured to receive it, they are constantly seeking to lead fellow-souls to light.

Madame de Krudener was an earthly Mahatma; she had accomplished in the hour of her conversion to Jesus Christ the spiritual results that self-centred ascetics have failed to attain by a decade of mortification and penance. Having thus entered upon a life in which the finer ethical impulses are spontaneous, and not merely cultivated, she consecrated herself to Christian evangelism. Her religious attainments and lofty moods were not avariciously enjoyed in the guarded seclusion of a cloister, but exploited for benefit of non-moral and immoral men and women who formed the "society" of the age. Perhaps she had no philosophy of her career and its functions, and no philosophy of that Gospel which she expounded with such ecstatic faith, but I am convinced that she could never have inspired the conscience of Alexander had she discoursed in technical phrase of "sevenfold constitution" and "septenary division of the cosmos."

Biographers and reviewers of a rationalistic type say that she only fostered in the Emperor a pre-existing tendency to pietism, and "solar biologists" allege that both Czar and mystic acted under the fateful influence of their birthdays. But the *facts* are these : A woman who once had been beautiful, but voluptuous, and was still fascinating, though fanatical, had entered into soul relations with a Supremely Holy Person, and, proclaiming the necessity of these relations to a symmetrical and triumphant life, was able to make out against the Emperor of the Russias a case which he could not dismiss from the court of his conscience; he pronounced himself guilty !

The effect might have been different had the Czar been a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, or an American of the Ingersoll type, but he was a tolerant Greek Catholic who had never questioned the verity of that *evangelium* whose inner secret had been disclosed by extra-ceremonial agency to this strange, itinerant female evangelist, who carried no credentials. When, therefore, retaining faith in Christianity, as a religion, though he had repudiated its ethical statutes and standards, he saw before him a woman who, by some semi-occult process had personally verified the doctrines of the New Testament, he had at once admitted her right to dictate his conduct. The *priest* had failed to mould his character; the prophet pierced his conscience. There is some reason for believing that he desired her mediation in his behalf: a priestess and prophetess in his camp might be another Joan of Arc, or an ark of the Covenant. However mixed or mysterious his real motives, it is sure that his entire life

for a time—*and at this period*—was governed by the principles that he accepted in the cottage on the Neckar, and that the august volition of an autocrat echoed the instruction of a Moravian.

The Church historian, Hase, says, says: "Under the influence of Emperor Alexander, then . . . seeking religious instruction in the society of Madame de Krudener, the princes of Europe, with the exception of the King of England, the Pope, and the Sultan, organized a Holy Alliance, that the members of it might become a great Christian family, in which the law of love might be made the supreme law of nations. The statesmen of Europe smiled at the strange language; the Holy Alliance in its actual operations soon turned out to be very much like other holy leagues of former times, and it finally dwindled imperceptibly away. . . . *And yet this ideal thus involuntarily recognized, or in the commotions of an extraordinary period, rapidly vanishing, is an everlasting truth and a philosophy of a future reality.*"

Who suggested the presentation of this "ideal" to Europe in 1815? Answers differ, but Madame de Krudener never abandoned her claim to be the real originator of the scheme. "It was the immediate work of God," she affirmed. "It was He who elected me to be His instrument; it is through Him that I have carried through so great an enterprise. The mission of the Holy Alliance is addressed to all mankind; it is to teach them that Christ alone can save them from corruption and preserve them from the vengeance of God."

The first draft of the famous proclamation contains emendations in the chirography, and the term "Holy Alliance" is specifically hers. Perhaps the organization of this league is not a great achievement; perhaps the honour of planning it is not worth the claim; and it may be that Madame de Krudener, in spite of her claim, was only one of many who projected the plan; but it seems positive that she was the most powerful factor in creating or focussing a desire in the mind of Alexander to establish international relations upon the basis of Christian theology and Christian ethics.

"I wish," he announced, "to invite the nations to enrol themselves under the banner of obedience to the Gospel. I wish the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia to unite with me so that we may be seen openly acknowledging the supreme authority of our divine Saviour."

To secular republicans or democrats, to whom the phrase, "*Of* the *People, for* the *People, by* the *People,* is the ultimate and irrevocable definition of Government, this confession of faith in the sovereignty of Jesus Christ is a negation of "practical politics"—a shifting of political sovereignty to foundations of clouds; but to the believer in the absolute sovereignty of the God-in-Christ, it is the core of the ideal Commonwealth—the soul of the true State; for, among heresies, there is none greater than that which assigns to Jehovah the headship of Church, and to ——— the headship of the State.

Jeanne d' Arc mysteriously acquired great military talents, and swept the foes of France before her banner; Julie de Krudener as mysteriously acquired great political ideals—after 1804—and, for fifteen years, swept the foes of Christianity before the white standard of the great truth that the state is a moral unit whose responsibility to Almighty God is not less real than that of the individual soul. Secularists may sneer, but this conception of authority avoids all difficulties inherent in the subject of political sovereignty by recognizing the autocracy of a Supremely Holy

Being; it simplifies politics, and, by simplifying, purifies.

And this surely was an act of great value. The Cabinets of Europe heard the Name of names—"there is no other sovereign than He to whom alone all supreme power belongs—our divine Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word." Well had it been if King of England, Pope of Rome, Sultan of Turkey, had joined this league, and sincerely maintained the doctrines of the *Holy Alliance !*

Alexander left Paris September 28th, 1815, and Madame de Krudener's religio-political career came to a sudden end. Was Napoleon correct in his diagnosis when he pronounced Alexander "active and clever," but "extremely false"? Perhaps—at any rate, from the day of his return to Russia he ignored his mystic adviser and is even accused of exiling her to the Crimea. But Madame de Krudener's vocation was so versatile that no sooner had her sun set in Paris than she began an evangelistic tour in Switzerland, where her unique methods, at once so naive and agitating, effected sudden reforms in ideas, dress and manners. The revival, true to the kind, bore a dual fruitage—conversions which demonstrated its truth, and implacable persecutions, which also demonstrated its truth.

Expelled from Bale, the preacher of the new Crusade retreated to Grenzach-Horn; but she was pursued by enemies who succeeded in poisoning the public mind—*and the mind of Alexander,* against a Christian, who had once been a coquette, but had become a reformer, an idealist, a mystic, a friend of the poor. Her immoralities could be condoned, they were piquant; but her schemes of reform—never ! They were disturbing ! Political economists denounced her because she did not discriminate between the worthy and unworthy poor; governments, autocracies, bureaucracies, republics, respected her because she propagated the doctrines of human brotherhood; churches and priesthoods distrusted her because she pronounced prayer and silence the integral elements of religion.

But she heroically pursued her course. Her cottage on the Rhine became the rallying point of the destitute and afflicted of the entire district, and she, who sometimes had less than a dollar in her purse, occupied her days in tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and preaching a gospel of peace and purity. Her diamonds, pearls and laces became bread and soup, by the thaumaturgy of her self-sacrifice, and she who had lived at ease in palaces in Copenhagen, Riga, Venice, and Paris, dwelt in a cabin and affiliated with paupers.

For these offences she was repeatedly ostracised, and her later years were an exile and a crucifixion. Yet, branded and bridled, her activity was so incessant and intense that ring-ruled cities and bureau-governed kingdoms dreaded her advent as if she had been a Nihilist. Like her ancestral Russians she was a nomad; but her ideas made her a pilgrim.

The same spirit that rendered her homeless in the State made her a proscript in the Church. She refused to be catalogued either as a Greek Catholic, a Roman Catholic, or Lutheran. In her creed, the name of Jesus Christ was solar. She belonged to the Primitive Catholic Church—not the Roman Catholic—but the Evangelical Church. For the Protestantism of Europe she had only an insuperable aversion; as she knew it, it had become inane and inert—a frigid Socinianism, and she protested against it as apostate.

After many torturing journeys,

shadowed by police, she was permitted to return to her childhood home in Russia, and, at the end of four years, reappeared in the salons of St. Petersburg, and assumed leadership in the religious movement that was then popular. Remembering that she had once controlled political events by her declaration of Christian truth, she promptly denounced the government's indifference to the welfare of the revolting Christians in Greece. But the Alexander of 1821 was not the Alexander of 1815. She was requested to return to her home at Kosse. Obeying the imperial mandate she isolated herself, resumed her deeds of sympathetic charity, and began a life of ascetic devotion. So rigid became her regimen that she superinduced a complication of ailments, and, becoming depressed and melancholic, was advised to leave the harsh region of Kosse for the "Italy" of Russia—the shores of the Black Sea. The change revived her; and in Karasu Bazar, with its thick atmosphere of secular thrift and ecclesiastical antagonisms she preached in French and German. Beyond its streets she began the formation of an ideal Christian community—the old schemes, vital and dominant still!

On the morning of Christmas, 1824, after many days of agony, her problematic and restless career ended. Eleven months afterward, Alexander knelt alone before her tomb in the Armenian church.

The traveller Ralston says, "Between Alupka and Orianda is the estate of Koureis, whither were sent from St. Petersburg, in the time of Alexander I., three ladies who at one period exercised some influence at the Russian Court. One of them, Madame de Krudener, died soon after her arrival; but the other two, the Princess Galitzin and a mysterious Countess Guacher, lived on there long."

If this be true, the Czar was neither the first nor the last monarch to hush the voice of a disturbing prophet.

The grave of Madame de Krudener is at Koureis to-day; occasionally there are pilgrimages to its site.

In the world's libraries, Madame Barbe-Julie de Krudener is only known as one of the genial circle of "French Women of Letters," but she was far more than a "Woman of Letters"—she was a "Woman of Life." Her "Valerie" is not now widely read and little known outside of classes in French literature; and her life-story is almost as obscure as that of Olympia Morata, but, after all, it is her life that has perennial interest. Julia Kavanaugh thinks it "one of the most curious psychologic studies within the whole range of biography." One of the Westminster Review writers of forty years ago pronounces it a "piquant moral problem"—a life in which vanity is supreme, destitute of candour, simplicity and truthfulness, *and yet saturated with the spirit of an undoubted sincerity.* Protesting against the tedium of an obscure life, this restless, vain Russian woman, resolved, by any means, to distinguish herself! Is *this* the sole solution of this piquant problem?

The fever of restless ambition seizes upon all youth; but the catalogue of Famous Men and Women is not very long. The chill of cynicism too often succeeds the white passion of aspiration, and the youth who so vividly dreamed of fame dies unknown in a country town—or finishes life in the alcoves of a city's library—content to read undisturbed. History pitilessly deals with men, thrusting unexpectedly to head or foot of the class, or assigning to mediocre place, but, always according to law and the laws. The *last* man—who may not

always be the *lost* man— challenges the discrimination, but can neither rise nor bring his superior down.

I will not assign to Madame de Krudener a first place among saints —perhaps she was not at all a saint, as we think of saints—and she was not consummately great, either as a preacher, a reformer, or a writer, but she compelled attention to the detested doctrine of the Cross, and forced men and women in half the capitals of Europe to decide for or against Jesus Christ as the Dictator of conduct. She was a voice crying in the world and against the world, and her words rang loud in the midst of accumulated social hypocrisies and political crimes, Her sentences put men in fear: they were echoes of the sentence of God.

From her grave there seems to proceed ever her noble confession of sin and of faith: "What good I have done will remain; what I have done of evil (for how often have I not taken for the voice of God what was only the fruit of my imagination and my pride) will be effaced by the mercy of God. My numerous iniquities are all I have to offer God and man, but the blood of Jesus Christ will purify me from all sin." It was this that gave peace to Bishop Butler : "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." A mystic may understand it—a charlatan, never.

IF CHRIST WERE DEAD.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

O sad-faced mourners, who each day are wending
Through churchyard paths of cypress and of yew,
Leave for to-day the low graves you are tending,
And lift your eyes to God's eternal blue!

It is no time for bitterness or sadness;
Twine Easter lilies, not pale asphodels;
Let your souls thrill to the caress of gladness,
And answer the sweet chime of Easter bells.

If Christ were still within the grave's low prison,
A captive of the enemy we dread;
If from that mouldering cell he had not risen,
Who then could chide the gloomy tears you shed?

Poor hearts! The butterfly with pinions golden
Spurns the grey cell that erst its freedom barred;
And the freed soul with wings no longer holden
Smiles back on life as on a broken shard.

If Christ were dead, there would be need to sorrow;
But He has risen and vanquished death for aye!
Hush then your sighs, if only till the morrow,
At Easter give your grief a holiday.

And will not He who watched the seed,
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we bear,
Only more glorious far, will rise,
To meet the Saviour in the air.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITISH RULE.

BY THE REV. A. THEODORE WIRGMAN,

Canon of Grahamstown Cathedral, South Africa.

I do not think that it can fairly be laid to the charge of the English clergy in South Africa that they have intermeddled in political life. Our position in the dioceses of Pretoria and Bloemfontein during the last five or six years has been a difficult and delicate one. The Dutch Reformed ministers in the Colony, as well as in the Republics, have been, for the most part, ardent anti-English politicians. I desire to make every allowance for their sympathies and natural prejudices. But when a Dutch Reformed minister of some position, living under the British flag in the Cape Colony (where Dutch and English enjoy equal political rights, publicly exhorts his kinsmen in the Transvaal to resist the British demands, "because the threats of England are as the threats of a man with an unloaded gun," the limits of reasonable sympathy are overpassed. We English clergy have expressed our loyalty to our flag and country when we have been constrained by duty to do so. But we stand clear of any charge of inciting race feeling.

But the situation, as it daily develops, is so much more real to us in South Africa than it is to you in England. For instance, this morning, the 18th of November, Mr. Wilson, a young clergyman, turned up at my house with only the clothes he stood up in, having had to leave his church and rectory at Colesberg at the mercy of the Boers, and ride thirty-seven miles to Naauwpoort Junction at some considerable peril.

About four hundred Africanders of the Colesberg district, incited apparently by a member of the Cape Parliament, Mr. Van der Walt, have forgotten their allegiance as born British subjects and joined the Boer forces.

When the Boers "annexed" Colesberg, and proclaimed it "Republican territory," the English had to go or else join the Boer army. The sexton of the English church, a harmless coloured man, was mercilessly beaten by the Boers. A coloured man, who owned two good horses, ventured to demur when the Boers "commandeered" them. They tied him up and beat him most savagely.

These Boer "annexations" comprise now hundreds of square miles of what was British territory before war was declared. The whole of northern Natal is "annexed," and the conquered territory parcelled out by the Boers, who have settled on the farms and taken active possession of it. The whole of British Bechuanaland has been formally "annexed" by the Transvaal, and is now administered by Transvaal officials. Mafeking is the solitary spot in Bechuanaland where the British flag still flies. Aliwal North and a vast slice of Cape territory has been also annexed by the Boers. They are administering the British territories they have annexed, and the sad plight of loyal British subjects in the districts which have passed into Boer hands can better be imagined than described. They are "commandeered" if they stay to guard their houses and property,

and their only resource is to fly and leave their possessions at the mercy of the Boers. In 1881, the Boers who invaded Natal were generally orderly and well behaved. The case is far different in 1899. The Boer forces have given way to drunkenness, wanton destruction, and plunder. I am sorry to have to write these things, for I have always appreciated the many sterling qualities of the Boers. I have lived in South Africa for nearly twenty-six years, and have defended the Boer character from unjust aspersions with my voice and my pen.

I have honestly tried to work for unity between Boer and Briton as far as in me lay. I shall now attempt to give a fair and dispassionate account of the causes and real "inwardness" of the present South African situation.

If any one had prophesied that the ill-omened gift of responsible government, which was forced upon the Cape Colony in 1872, would have produced such dire consequences as it has done, he would have been laughed at. In 1874, when I landed in South Africa, the country was peaceful enough. The development of the Kimberley diamond fields had brought wealth and prosperity to Boer and Briton alike. The Transvaal was a pastoral republic which attracted little attention. The Free State was governed wisely and prudently by President Brand, the greatest statesman that Dutch South Africa has produced. Race hatred between Dutch and English colonists was a dormant factor in our political and social life. But in 1875 the Imperial Government gave a sort of commission to the famous historian, Mr. J. A. Froude, to make a political tour in South Africa, with a view to the formation of a South African dominion of confederate states. The historian was neither a diplomatist nor a statesman. Sir G. Grey could have formed a confederation of the two republics and the British colonies of the Cape and Natal some years before Mr. Froude's mission; but Downing Street forbade the scheme.

Mr. Froude thought he could accomplish his object by flattering the susceptibilities of Dutch South Africans. He produced very little impression at Pretoria and Bloemfontein, but he stirred up the Dutch of the Cape Colony. Hitherto they had taken no prominent part in politics. The Cape Parliament was practically an English assembly, and the dividing line in politics was the antagonism between the Eastern and Western Provinces of the Colony. But now the Dutch made up their minds very quietly to capture the Cape Parliament. Their effort was favoured by the logic of events. The annexation of the Transvaal in 1877 was the premature plucking of fruit which in a few months would have fallen into the lap of Great Britain from very overripeness. As it was, the Dutch of the Cape Colony skilfully used the annexation for party purposes.

The Transvaal rebellion of 1881, and the surrender to successful rebels after Majuba, fanned Dutch feeling within the Colony to fever heat. General Joubert said he was fighting for a universal Dutch Republic from the Cape to the Zambesi. The Africander Bond was formed in the Cape Colony to give vitality to the idea of a United South Africa under a republican flag. The Bond leaders in the Cape Colony veiled their purposes under a cloak of loyalty to the Queen's Government. But their secret aim was evident to all thoughtful colonists. They worked for an Africander supremacy in South Africa under the specious catchword of "Africa for the Africanders." President Brand

openly discouraged the Africander Bond in the Free State. He alone of Dutch South Africans realized that England did not surrender the Transvaal because she was defeated in the Boer war of 1881. But he died, and was succeeded by President Reitz, the present Transvaal State Secretary. There was no prominent South African Dutchman left to oppose the political propaganda of the Bond.

In 1882 it showed its power by getting an Act passed to legalize the use of the Dutch language in the Cape Parliament, although the Raads of the Transvaal and Free State would never have dreamt of allowing the use of English in their debates. In 1883 the Bond captured the Cape Parliament, and by careful and skilful organization forced the responsible Ministry of the day to do its bidding as the sole condition of retaining office. The politics of the Cape Colony were henceforward demoralized. The "Ins" and the "Outs" alike truckled to the dominant factor, and the English of the Cape Colony ceased to exercise any real influence upon its political life, or in the shaping of its policy.

At this crisis of affairs Mr. Rhodes became a factor in South African politics. His natural Toryism and undoubted preference for the farmer who lived on his land to the mercantile class, made him a "persona grata" to the rank and file of the Cape Africander party. He became Premier of the Cape in 1890, and tried to lead the Bond party into the paths of a peaceful imperial development.

His efforts were partially successful. He made certain concessions to Africander ideas, and he found the Bond party responsive to his leadership, because just at that time the Transvaal had offended a good many of the Colonial Dutch. The Hollanders had captured all the plums of the Transvaal Civil Service, which formerly fell to the lot of educated Cape Africanders. The Transvaal fiscal policy shut out Cape Africander products. And thus there was a rift in the lute.

We heard next to nothing of the old Bond cry, "Africa for the Africanders," in its original sense of a United South Africa under a republican flag. The scheme to banish the British flag was, for the time, dormant. But it was not forgotten. I was talking, one day, to a prominent cabinet minister, who, in those days, followed Mr. Rhodes and posed as an Imperialist. He said, "We don't mean to be in a hurry about the South African Republic. My children will see it, if I do not."

The Republican idea was still a dominant factor under the surface.

President Kruger and Dr. Leyds were intensely bitter against Mr. Rhodes for the success he had won in dealing with colonial Africanders. I saw President Kruger in 1895, nearly a year before the Raid, and he spoke to me of Mr. Rhodes as his enemy, equally with the British Government, who had just blocked his favourite scheme of having a seaport and a Transvaal navy by annexing the strip of country which shut off his access to Kosi Bay.

The idea of making the Transvaal a sea power, with a port of its own, was one of the President's most cherished ideas.

And then came the Jameson Raid. People are apt to forget that it was not without certain results which proved beneficial in the end. It stopped the formation of a cosmopolitan Uitlander Republic of the Transvaal, which would have effectually hindered the union of South Africa under the British flag. It hindered the maturing of intrigues between the Transvaal and a foreign power, which would

have undermined British supremacy in South Africa. Enough hard things have been said of Dr. Jameson and his action. He has suffered his punishment, and it is nearly time that his fellow-countrymen should begin to remember the good work that he did as administrator of Rhodesia. I purposely refrain from discussing the position of Mr. Rhodes in this matter. He has borne the brunt of accusations and charges in connection with the Raid with a dignified reticence that is one secret of his power. As Canon Knox Little says of him, "He is a loyal friend." When history is written dispassionately in the years to come, Mr. Chamberlain's words, declaring that Mr. Rhodes passed through the great crisis of his life with unstained personal honour, will be amply vindicated.

As I do not write as a politician desiring to score off an adversary, but simply as an ordinary citizen of South Africa, trying to record the simple facts that underlie a situation obscured by the clouds and mists of political special pleading, I say no more of Mr. Rhodes and the Raid. It is a side issue of the South African controversy which has no real bearing upon what has been the true main issue for the last twenty years, save that it accelerated matters somewhat, and by closing up the little rift between the Cape Africanders and the Transvaal, enabled President Kruger and Dr. Leyds to mature their plans on that main issue more rapidly. The main issue, as I have said before, was the final expulsion of the British flag from South Africa. I will cite two pieces of evidence about eighteen years old to prove my statement.

Mr. Reginald Statham, who is one of the most prominent of Mr. Kruger's English newspaper champions, was editor of the Natal Witness about twenty years ago. In 1881 he published a book called "Blacks, Boers, and British." He had at that date evidently got some knowledge of the Boer plans against British rule. On page 18 of his book he tells us of a visit to a Dutch homestead, near Cape Town, which had been the home of a Dutch family long before the British flag waved on the Castle of Cape Town, and which, in his opinion, would remain their home after that flag had been hauled down. "This," naively remarks Mr. Statham, "is not only anticipation, but treason." He goes on to tell us, a few pages further on, that responsible government in the Cape Colony would end in Boer supremacy in the Cape Parliament, which would ultimately bring to an end British supremacy, not only in the Cape Colony, but in South Africa. If Mr. Statham could write in 1881 from his knowledge of the inner counsels of the Africander party, the secret conspiracy against British rule must even then have struck its roots wide and deep. Lately, I believe, it has been Mr. Statham's cue to deny the existence of any desire on the part of the Boers to banish British supremacy from South Africa. His earlier utterances convey the simple and unvarnished truth. He thought in 1881 that the British flag had to go, and that the Boer would be supreme in South Africa, because he knew that the Africander Bond was plotting to that end.

My second piece of evidence is from a letter which Mr. Theo. Schreiner (brother of the Cape Premier) has written to The Cape Times. Mr. Schreiner was born in the Colony, but, unlike his brother, is an ardent supporter of British rule, and a warm admirer of Mr. Rhodes. Some eighteen years ago Mr. Reitz, then Chief Justice of the Free State, asked him to join the Africander Bond. Mr.

Schreiner thus describes the interview:

"At that time, then, I met Mr. Reitz, and he did his best to get me to become a member of his Africander Bond; but after studying its constitution and programme I refused to do so, whereupon the following colloquy in substance took place between us, which has been indelibly imprinted on my mind ever since:

"Reitz: 'Why do you refuse? Is the object of getting the people to take an interest in political matters not a good one?'

"Myself: 'Yes, it is; but I seem to see plainly here between the lines of this constitution much more ultimately aimed at than that.'

"Reitz: 'What?'

"Myself: 'I see quite clearly that the ultimate object aimed at is the overthrow of the British power and the expulsion of the British flag from South Africa.'

"Reitz (with his pleasant, conscious smile, as of one whose secret thought and purpose had been discovered, and who was not altogether displeased that such was the case): 'Well, what if it be so?'

"Myself: 'You don't suppose, do you, that that flag is going to disappear from South Africa without a tremendous struggle and fight?'

"Reitz (with the same pleasant, self-conscious, self-satisfied, and yet semi-apologetic smile): 'Well, I suppose not; but even so, what of that?'

"Myself: 'Only this, that when that struggle takes place you and I will be on opposite sides; and, what is more, the God who was on the side of the Transvaal in the late war, because it had right on its side, will be on the side of England, because He must view with abhorrence any plotting and scheming to overthrow her power and position in South Africa, which have been ordained by Him.'

"Reitz: 'We'll see.'

"Thus the conversation ended, but during the seventeen years that have elapsed I have watched the propaganda for the overthrow of British power in South Africa being ceaselessly spread by every possible means—the press, the pulpit, the platform, the schools, the colleges, the legislature—until it has culminated in the present war, of which Mr. Reitz and his co-workers are the origin and the cause."

It is not too much to say that if the present Cape Premier had held his brother's views, instead of taking his opinions from his talented but emotional sister Olive, the history of the Cape Colony during the last few months would have been different. Judging by the votes polled at the last general election of 1898, when the Progressive or English party polled a greater total of votes than the Bond party (although the latter won a narrow electoral victory, owing to an unfair Redistribution Bill), the population of the Cape Colony is almost half English, and we English Cape Colonists, who are just as patriotic as Natalians, have suffered bitter humiliation since the war began. Our English Cape Colony volunteers were as keen to go to the front, and just as eager to fight for our flag and country as the Natal men or our kinsmen over seas. But our men have been hindered and thwarted by the Cape Premier. At length, all too tardily, the Colonial forces have been called out, but up to the present date our volunteers have not been allowed to be in touch with the enemy, except those who have been fortunate enough to be besieged in Kimberley and Mafeking.

But this by the way.

I have now indicated the true inwardness of the South African situation. The determination to get rid of British supremacy at all costs has been the dominating factor in the councils of Pretoria ever since 1881. The Free State had to be captured. This was easy enough when President Reitz had been succeeded by President Steyn. The Free State was then bound in strict military alliance with the Transvaal. The Cape responsible government had next to be captured, and Mr. Schreiner won his narrow electoral victory last year with the active aid of the Transvaal sympathizers in the Cape Colony, and, as has been plainly stated, with electoral funds supplied from Pretoria.

Things were ripe for a forward move. The controversies on Uitlander grievances (though these are real enough), the endless diplomatic duel between the Colonial Office and Pretoria, the hair-splitting about the conventions of 1881 and 1884, the suzerainty discussion, all these seemed to British South Africans, who knew the real issue, a veritable ploughing of the sands. Behind the confused and confusing issues of the diplomatic controversy, issues which seem to amuse lawyers like Sir W. Harcourt and Sir Edward Clarke, but which caused us in South Africa to long for a decisive ending to the wordy strife, behind all these logomachies lay the true issue, "Is the Boer flag or the British flag to fly from the Castle at Cape Town; is the Boer or the Briton to be supreme in South Africa?" I am no politician. I am a law-abiding, peaceable citizen, but I was truly grateful to President Kruger for his decisive ultimatum. South Africa was being slowly ruined. Business was at an absolute standstill. No one knew what would happen, or how soon the tension and strain would claim him as a victim. President Kruger had gained the time he needed for preparing and mobilizing his forces. The hour had come, and he flung his ultimatum in Lord Salisbury's face. It was well, and it will be the best day's work South Africa has yet seen, despite the inevitable horrors of war, if England uses her power to settle the question of Boer or Briton once for all in South Africa. If two men are riding on one horse, one of the two must sit in front. The Briton has had the back seat in South Africa since 1881. The position must be reversed.

We do not deny the Boer equal rights of citizenship. We shall not treat the Boer after the war as he has treated the Uitlander in the Transvaal. There must be equal rights, but only one flag. The republics must become self-governing colonies within the Empire. The flags of the republics must go. To us in South Africa those flags are the symbols of invasion and annexation. The loyal citizens of Newcastle and Dundee, in Natal, and of Colesberg, Aliwal North, Barkly, and other places in the Cape Colony, which are now temporarily severed from the Empire, must be indemnified for their present sufferings by the final disappearance of the flags of South African republicanism.

We may look forward in the near future to a South African Dominion of five or six federated states under the British flag. I say "six" advisedly, for I believe that the Cape Colony is too unwieldy a predominant partner in a South African federation. Let the Eastern and Western Provinces of the Cape Colony form separate states of the new dominion. We Eastern Province Colonists, the sons and grandsons of the British settlers of 1820, are as English as the Natalians, and though we have some Dutch districts in the Eastern Province our legislature would have a strong English majority. Equal voting rights in the Transvaal would give that state a legislature with an English majority. and so, out of the six federal states, four—when we include Rhodesia—would be ruled by British majorities. The Federal Parliament would thus have a British majority, and a settlement on this basis would result in a peaceable, loyal, and contented South Africa. We have been threatened with a South African Ireland. But the Boer is not like the Celt. If he finds himself fairly and squarely beaten by an honourable foe he will respect that foe, and when he finds that he has equal rights of citizenship with the men who have beaten

him he will shake hands and be friends. He is not by nature a political agitator or a secret conspirator. He has been played upon by clever agitators and conspirators for twenty years. They have persuaded him that he can thrash the British army, and when he finds that they have deluded him he will turn and rend them. The war will end race feeling, because the race feeling of the Boer against the British has been based on his contempt for the British army and the British flag.

South Africa to-day owes a deep debt of gratitude to three men—to Mr. Chamberlain, the first Colonial Secretary who has risen to the greatness of his position, and who has exercised the powers of his great office unhampered by the traditions of Downing Street and the exigencies of English party politics; to Sir Alfred Milner, for a union of patience, forbearance, and power which has set him in the front rank of British statesmen and administrators; to Mr. Rhodes, who has given himself to South Africa with all the varied powers of his unselfish personal service, and who, in the present crisis, has used his remarkable political insight in standing absolutely aloof from all controversy in the strength of silence.

Loyal South Africans look forward with hope to our immediate future as a federation of states under the British flag. The loyal aid afforded by the colonial forces of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand has made us feel the unity of the great empire to which we belong as we have never felt it before. We are confident that the bitterness of race feeling in South Africa will be healed through that mutual self-respect of Briton and Boer which could not have been achieved apart from war, the beginnings of which we already see in the minds of the Boer prisoners in our hands, who speak with admiration of the bravery of our soldiers at Talana Hill and Elandslaagte.

These men and their kinsfolk will realize how they have been misled and betrayed by Presidents Kruger and Steyn and their Cape Dutch sympathizers. Mr. Rhodes said, not long ago, that the Transvaal Boers who have settled in Rhodesia have become loyal British subjects. Not one of these Rhodesian Boers has rebelled or given cause for anxiety. And if three or four years' good government under the British flag in Rhodesia can turn Transvaal into loyal British citizens, why should not the great body of them become so when they are released from the perpetual attentions of anti-British agitators, with an ever-varying tissue of lies and slanders directed against the British flag and empire? There could have been no lasting peace in South Africa without this war, and, much as the loss of brave men on both sides is to be deplored, the sacrifice will not be in vain. The mission of our race in South Africa will be fulfilled in the peace and prosperity of the whole country, under the ordered freedom of the British flag.—Nineteenth Century.

I gazed upon a picture of the Christ,
So patient in His woe,
And cried from out my heart, "O Son of God!
How could they bruise Thee so!"
And then I turned, and trod sin's pathways dim,
Nor dreamed that I was crucifying Him.

A HYMN OF TRUST.

BY THOMAS HODGKINS.

Father, I live or die in this confiding,
That Thou art King;
That each still star above me owns Thy guiding,
Each wild bird's wing.

That Nature feels Thee, great unseen Accorder
Of all her wheels,
That tokens manifest of Thy mightier order
Her strife reveals;

And that without Thee not a wave is heaving
Nor flake descends,
That all the giant powers of her conceiving
Are Thy Son's friends.

Yet I beseech Thee send not these to light me
Through the dark vale;
They are so strong, so passionlessly mighty,
And I so frail.

No! let me gaze, not on some sea far-reaching
Nor star-sprent sky,
But on a Face in which mine own, beseeching,
May read reply.

Such was my cry: hath not the mighty Maker
Who gave me Christ,
Hath He not granted me a sweet Awaker
For the last tryst?

Given a Son who left the peace unbroken
That reigns above,
That He might whisper God's great name unspoken,
The name of Love!

Have I not known Him? Yes, and still am knowing,
And more shall know;
Have not His sweet eyes guided all my going,
Wept with my woe;

Gleamed a bright dawn-hope when the clouds of sadness
Made my soul dim,
And looked their warning when an alien gladness
Lured me from Him?

Lord, when I tread this valley of our dying,
Sharp cliffs between,
Where over all one ghastly Shadow lying
Fills the ravine,

E'en then, Thy kindly sceptre being o'er me,
I will not fear;
Thy crook, my Shepherd, dimly seen before me,
My way shall clear.

And when the grave must yield her prey down-stricken,
When sleep is o'er,
When the strange stirs of life begin to quicken
This form once more,

O Son of Man, if Thee and not another
I here have known,
If I may see Thee then, our first-born Brother,
Upon Thy throne,

How stern, soe'er, how terrible in brightness,
That dawn shall break,
I shall be satisfied with Thy dear likeness
When I awake.

BEGINNING AND PROBABLE AGE OF THE NIAGARA GORGE.*

BY PROFESSOR DIONNE.

UNDER THE CLIFF.

Dread torrent—that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him who looks,—
Whence hast thou thy beginning?
— *William Cullen Bryant.*

Most of our great scientists have agreed that the Niagara Falls commenced on the heights at Lewiston. The preponderance of learned opinion in that direction, based generally on geological investigation, is so overwhelming that it leaves no room for doubt. In addition to this, careful scientific exploration in the chasm, of late years, has settled this fact conclusively: that the most magnificent falls that ever existed, at any age of the gorge's history, occurred in the first half mile section near where Brock's monument now stands. Commencing here, on the high part of the limestone ridge which at one time completely separated Erie's waters from Lake Ontario, they have slowly sawed their irregular way through the plateau during the dim centuries of pre-historic America.

They reached a point within at least six hundred feet of their present location about the time of the visit of Father Hennepin in 1678. So far as records go he was the first European to view the great cataract, which in these days claims 500,000 visitors per annum. The noted traveller and missionary made a sketch of the falls, which is still preserved at Paris and which appears to be fairly accurate in the general features of the falls two hundred years ago. It would indicate that the falls were then confined to a much narrower limit than they are to-day. The present wide contour of the Canadian or Horseshoe falls did not exist in 1678 when this sketch was made. The American falls had much the same ap-

* We doubt if any ride of fourteen miles in the world contains such a variety of beautiful and majestic scenery, or is associated with such stirring historic memories as that from the mouth of the Niagara River to the world-famous Falls. Late in the fall

"BEGINNING OF THE NIAGARA GORGE."

Pre-Adamite storm raising the east end of Lake Erie until the waters flowed over the heights, thus preparing the way for the future chasm.

pearance as to-day. The volume of water over it has been light for at least five centuries, and during the last two the cliff has receded with perhaps not one-third the speed of that part of the Canadian side, where a heavy volume rushes over.

But to return to Lewiston, the

of 1678, LaSalle's brave French explorers made a stockade at the river's mouth, where Fort Niagara now stands. So cold was the weather that the ground had to be thawed with hot water before the stakes could be planted. Then followed the romantic story of the first vision of the Falls by Father Hennepin, the building of the *Griffin* above the Falls and her untimely fate. Still later, in 1763, an English provision train was ambushed at the portage. Out of ninety men all but three were slain or thrown over the awful brink. In the war of 1812 the whole region was rife with gallant deeds, and the stately shaft on Queenston Heights commemorates the death of the heroic Brock.

But gentler associations make this the classic ground of science. Here the first Suspension Bridge in America, and at the time the largest in the world, was flung across the yawning chasm. The new trolley railway enables one to see close at hand the rapids. The open observation car permits one to get an unimpeded view of the majesty and beauty of this remarkable gorge. By a gentle grade the track reaches the level only twenty feet above the water, and on a gusty day the spray from the rapids besprinkles the car. The view of the rapids and majestic surrounding scenery from below is most impressive. Not least interesting are the close-at-hand views one gets of the four steel bridges across the river, among the most remarkable achievements of science of this wonderful nineteenth century.—Ed.

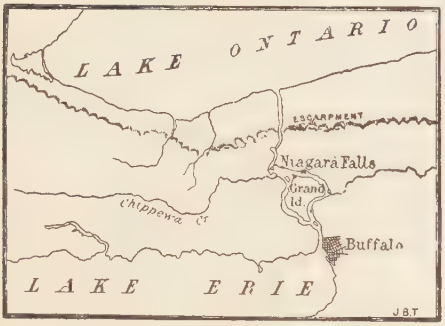


Fig. 1.—THE NIAGARA RIVER DISTRICT.

Showing the escarpment or pre-historic dividing line.

natural and necessary starting-point in any geological account of the gorge, or its probable age. The latter is the chief point in this brief article, for it is the one on which there has been the widest difference of opinion. We find Sir Charles Lyell (1841), Prof. Agassiz (1852), Prof. J. W. Spencer (1895), Ellicott (1890), G. K. Gilbert, U. S. Geological Survey (1895), G. W. Holley (1882), Dr. Julius Pohlman, Warren Upham, F. B. Taylor and others, who were men well versed in geology and who gave our subject considerable thought and research, all agreeing perfectly as to the manner in which the gorge was formed.

We do find these eminent authorities, however, disagreeing very widely as to the lapse of time required to hew out the gorge since Erie's waters first burst through the escarpment at Queenston Heights. Sir Charles Lyell placed the age of the falls at 35,000 years; Prof. J. W. Spencer, at 32,000 years; Andrew Ellicott at 55,000. Having the same data before me with increased advantages in explorative investigation of the chasm-channel, and in the light of the more accurate measurements of the rate of recession of the falls in later years, I have no hesitation in placing the age of the gorge at 4,500 years. I will also submit facts which appear to sustain this somewhat limited epoch as sufficient for such a stupendous work as the making of this great gorge. The reader before going further should look at Fig. 1, which is a map of the Niagara River and vicinity. Notice that the river flows directly northward

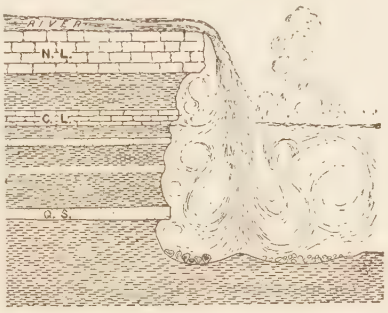


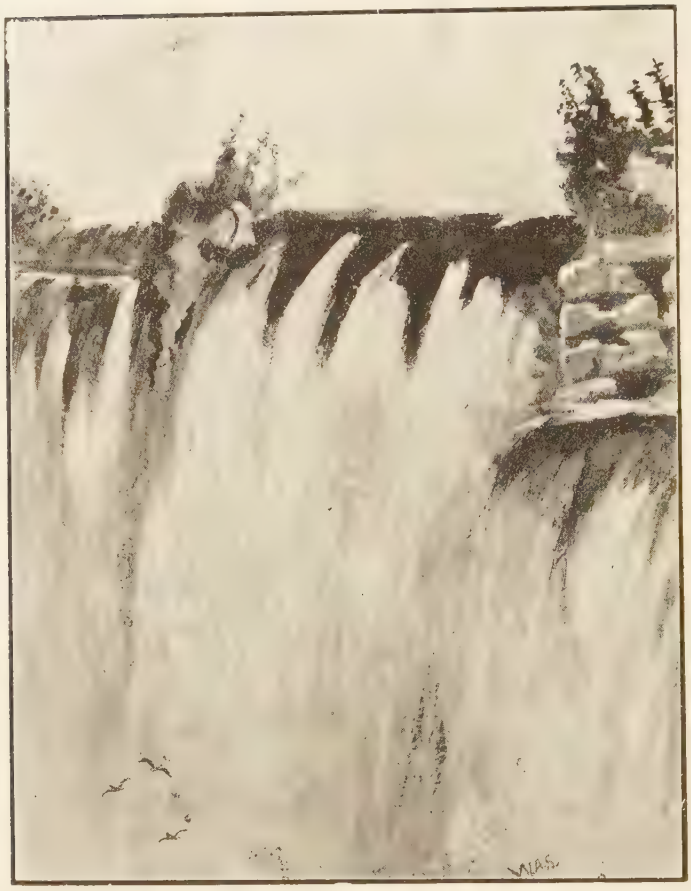
Fig. 3.—PROFILE AND SECTION.

Showing how the limestone cap is undermined. Drawn by Prof. G. K. Gilbert, U.S. Survey.
N.L., Niagara Limestone.
C.L., Clinton Limestone.
Q.S., Quartzose Sandstone; shales and soft stone intervene.
Scale 300 feet = 1 inch.

and that the two great lakes overlap each other some forty miles. Lastly, make a mental note of the position of the escarpment. That is the highest point of the ridge which once completely separated these two great lakes. They might have been

Fig. 2.—A SECTION FROM LAKE TO LAKE.

Showing how the layers of limestone dig gradually downward from Queenston Heights to Lake Erie. Vertical scale greater than horizontal. Base line represents sea-level.



"BEGINNING OF THE NIAGARA GORGE."

Commencement of the Great Falls on the Heights of Queenston. Time 2600 B.C.

divided yet had not Erie's waters in their restless activity for ages at last found a weak spot in the backbone of the ridge and commenced to trickle through to the plain below thus making the beginnings of this future wonder of the ages.

The close of the glacial age in the lake region had much to do with the formation of the general features of Ontario and the large adjacent sections of the United States. Ice blocked the east end of the Ontario basin and the St. Lawrence, so that accumulated waters escaped through Lake Michigan to the Mississippi Valley. The western part of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Huron and Michigan was at this time one ice-walled fresh water sea, often changing and throwing up abrupt beaches, terraces and ridges which remain in the country to this day, showing where old shore-lines once existed. The receding ice opened a new way of escape for the waters through the Mohawk Valley in the State of New York, and in lowering their level Lake Erie became separated entirely from Lake Ontario by the limestone ridge already alluded to. The disappearance of

A "BIT OF CLIFF AND RIVER."

the accumulated ice of ages from the St. Lawrence River opened a channel to the sea and lowered Ontario's waters down to the present level, while alongside, in an elevated rock pan, were Erie's waters almost as high as the top of the escarpment. The outflow was still by the Mohawk Valley and later by the Mississippi again, the water-shed between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi Valley having lowered. It is a notable fact that to-day that water-shed is only ten or twelve feet high in places. The building of the sewerage canal from Chicago to the Mississippi is demonstrative of the low water-shed which divides our great lake system from the Mississippi Valley, as a small section of the lake waters now flows to the southward by way of the canal.

The level of Lake Erie is only ten feet lower than that of Lake Michigan. The escarpment is over thirty feet higher than the level of Lake Michigan, so that if the gorge was filled up at Queenston Heights the waters of the lake region would back up and find their old outlets near the site of Chicago, and escape by the Mississippi Valley.

The beginnings and development of the gorge, therefore, lowered the level of the great lakes from twenty to thirty feet. When the surplus waters of the lake region were escaping in other directions, Lake Erie was a greater expanse than it is to-day. Old ridges show that its shore line extended to a point near the escarpment for ages. The violent and incessant action of its waters at the east end, gradually softened and wore an opening at the lowest point, viz.: Queenston Heights. The action of frost and storm aided the waves in their work. Heavy western winds would dam up the waters in the east end of the lake, and they would flow over the heights until the lake resumed its correct level again. In

DOWN BY THE RAPIDS.

ROUNDING A CURVE.

time, a channel was made low enough for a permanent flow over the precipice to the plain below. Once the surplus waters of the lakes began to come this way, the formation of the chasm became a swift and irresistible work. Each year added force, and the century markings must have been appalling at the start. It was an age of abundant waters.

Please note Fig. 2. The blocks indicate the limestone layers which reach their highest point at the escarpment, where they end. Going the other way they dip beneath Lake Erie. Between the two layers, and under, are shales and soft formations, which are easily worn away by falling water. The limestone layer is full of seams and cracks, and when undermined it breaks down through its own weight. It is this breaking off that causes the recession.

The layer of rock reaches its highest point at the escarpment, and here the falls attained their greatest height as noted before. The more the falls recede, the lower they will become, on account of the steady dip of the limestone rock as shown by Fig. 2. In fact, this layer of limestone is what preserves the falls. Were it absent, the gorge would extend to Lake Erie in twenty years and lower its level considerably. Fig. 3 illustrates the action

of the water in undermining the limestone. The softer rocks, mud rocks and shale, under the hard layer of Niagara limestone, dissolve very quickly when exposed to running water or frost. In June of last year I went under the Canadian falls and found no difficulty in pulling away large masses, merely with my hands. It washes away and the narrow trench. The last two hundred years the falls have been spreading out until they have a frontage of nearly a mile. Even now the Horseshoe Fall is receding from three to four feet a year. How much greater the speed of recession must have been when these waters were united in the narrow chasm. I think the limit of

OUTLYING CLIFF.

limestone tumbles down, much of it remaining in the channel. The cliffs show that great sections often fell at once, causing violent earth tremors.

The gorge is some five or six miles long, and the first four miles were washed out much more rapidly than the remainder, for in the lower section the force of the vast volume of water was concentrated in a

4,500 years is a liberal estimate for the age of the gorge, when we consider the average rate of recession of the Horseshoe Falls to-day under less favourable circumstances. Then there was a large section at the whirlpool where no rock existed, the torrent merely washed away the earth or drift.

Ten feet per year would be a safe and reasonable estimate of the aver-

age speed of recession in the 2,600 years before Christ, when these vast waters were digging this narrow trench of the lower gorge. This would mean that four and one-half miles were constructed at the birth of Christ, allowing the small rate of four feet per year since, on the average, to bring the cataract to its present location. It is most reasonable to conclude that the falls commenced not earlier than 2,600 B.C.

I cannot close without recording my sense of the debt due President Brinker and those associated with him, in building the great Gorge Road. It is a debt of gratitude due from science and the people of the two countries generally. By this triumph of engineering skill, the wonders of the chasm have been brought near to us, and as we pass along we may almost place our hand on the mane of the world's greatest torrent. It is the most wonderful, the most delightful seven miles of ride I have found on the American Continent.

The Gorge Route is one of the many brilliant triumphs of enterprise that mark the close of this century of activity. It will always be an object of interest and wonder to the traveller and pleasure seeker. No words of mine can exaggerate the exhilaration and intense fascination of this summer ride by the foaming river. The surplus waters of a quarter of the continent roar and leap through this narrow passage, giving an exhibition of physical force seldom witnessed and which cannot be fully appreciated by the spectator at a distance. In the rapids waves of dazzling whiteness leap twenty to thirty feet high at a bound over rocks that lie in the bed of the channel. Added to the excitement of the scene is the beauty of the landscape. The Canadian shore rises with a steep slope, and is overgrown with evergreens and shrubs, making a most beautiful vista of undulating green. The cuts give an idea of the immense amount of rock cutting that was done in order to build a railway alongside the river. In many places the solid wall of rock rises almost perpendicularly to a great height. The cuttings give the reader an idea of the thickness of this limestone layer in places.

THE STEEL ARCH AND CANTILEVER BRIDGES.

CITIES OF THE ADRIATIC.

BY T. G. BONNEY.

ARCH OF AUGUSTUS, RIMINI.

The old town of Rimini is full of interest, and of beggars. If prizes were given for the human gadfly, and due allowance made for its size, Rimini would probably take the first place among the towns on the Western Adriatic; and this is saying a good deal. In early times it must have been a town of considerable defensive strength, notwithstanding the level site, for on either side a river flows into the sea. Rimini is a place of great antiquity, for it existed long before the surrounding country came under the power of Rome.

It was from this territory, if not from this very town, that Brennus led the great expedition to Rome, when he sacked the city and got his price for leaving the Capitol in peace. But in the course of time the Roman took his revenge and became master of Ariminum. Since then its history has not been altogether one of undisturbed tranquillity. It was sacked by Sulla; its citizens looked on at

COLUMN OF APPIAN WAY AT BRINDISI.

Julius Caesar's entry, after he had crossed the Rubicon. The stone from which he made a speech to his troops remains to this day, provided the visitor has faith enough to believe the local tradition.

But this place was the scene of other efforts of oratory. There is also a tiny chapel standing in the open part of the piazza; and not far away, by a canal, is a second one. These commemorate incidents in the life of St. Anthony of Padua. He came to preach to the people of Rimini, but they turned a deaf ear to his exhortation; so he went to the bank of the canal and addressed the fishes, who thronged up to listen as if he were casting bread on the waters in an actual instead of a figurative sense.

Early in the thirteenth century came the rise of the Malatesta family, and before the middle of it they had become practically independent rulers. The distinctive characteristic of this family appears to have been an abundance of talent and a deficiency of virtue, so that, as a rule, they lived up to their name.

At the end of the main street, the Corso D'Augusto, which no doubt follows the same lines as the original Roman thoroughfare, is another relic of ancient days, the triumphal arch which was erected in honour of Augustus. As the

illustration shows, it is a plain but effective stone structure, the attic of which has been much injured, the forked brick battlements dating probably from the sixteenth century.

Down near the heel of Italy is the town of Brindisi—the ancient Brundusium. It has a fine harbour, completely land-locked, yet so deep that first-class steamers can lie close up to the quay. It is emphatically shabby, not to say dirty, and has the look of having seen better days. So it has, for Brindisi was the Southampton of imperial Rome and of crusading Europe. But after these expeditions prosperity departed; its harbours began to fill up, and until the days of railways it fared badly, for it was sacked by enemies and shattered by an earthquake.

Things have been improved since railways were made, but indications of returning prosperity can only be found by the harbour-side or without the shattered walls. In one corner is a ruinous castle, the round towers of which, notwithstanding ugly accretions of modern date, are rather picturesque. From the neighbouring town wall is the best view inland, but we must not look at this, for the ground is so sacred that we are at once warned off by a sentry.

Those who remember their classics may recall the memories of the Via Appia, which ended here, and Horace's description of his journey from Rome, and may go to see, if their capacities for belief are considerable, the house in which Virgil died. In fact, Brindisi has nothing to detain the traveller except one or two facades of houses and old churches, in neither case of any great size, and the ancient marble column which looks down upon the harbour from the scarped edge of the elevated plain. There have been two, but of one only the pedestal and a block of the column (for they are not monoliths) remain. The capital of the other is richly carved. Opinions differ as to their history. They were brought here in the eleventh century, it is supposed, from a ruined temple outside the gates, and are said, but without authority, to have marked the end of the Appian Way. Their date also is rather uncertain. They may even be Byzantine, as some have thought; if not, they belong to the later days of the western empire.

This seen, quit Brindisi, with its squalid peasants and tricky harbour-men, as quickly as possible; and if you cannot travel by the mail express, you will learn how trains can crawl and traffic be mismanaged, and how Italy, beyond her show places, is a quarter of a century behind the countries of Central Europe, and still hides, under the thinnest veil of progress, the old lazy, careless, mendicant, not to say dishonest, ways!

CALVARY.

Under an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A Man went forth to die
For me.

Thorn-crowned his blessèd head,
Blood-stained His very tread;
Cross-laden, on He sped,
For me.

Pierced both His hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat
For me.

Thus wert Thou made all mine;
Lord, make me wholly Thine:
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought and word and deed
Thy will to do. O lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee!

—*F. P. P., in Boston Pilot.*

LAVENGRO—THE SCHOLAR, THE GYPSY, AND THE PRIEST.*

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RITSON.

Some fifty-three years ago "The Bible in Spain" came upon the reading world as a bewildering surprise. The reviewers were enthusiastic in its praise. Never had a book appeared so "full of thought and incident, of marvellous personal adventures, strangely novel characters, sustained and enthralling dialogues, vivid and eloquent descriptions." And, after all, it is not every day a great book of travels appears. Not a few will be disposed to place "The Bible in Spain" among the half a dozen greatest books of travel in existence, and with considerable claims to the foremost place amongst them all. But the book was read with avidity and delight not merely by the reviewers. The fact that the work went through six editions in two years, and that since then over one hundred and twenty thousand copies have been sold in this country and America, is evidence that its popularity has been uncommon and well sustained. The title had its advantages and its disadvantages. It repelled some who naturally supposed the work to be serious, if not sombre and goody-goody; it served as a passport to the libraries of others from which, as a book of travel and adventure, it might have been excluded.

How many of the youth of that day stumbled across this book, and after glancing over it casually for a minute or two, were led to read on, and then found themselves spell-bound for days. They did not know it was a work of genius they had made acquaintance with, but they knew the book was absorbingly interesting. But greatest spell of all was that of the hero of these entrancing pages, Don Jorge himself. The man was almost as much a mystery to his readers as to the various classes he met with in his wonderful travels. What a marvellous man he was, the Lavengro, or word-master, who seemed to know all tongues, and was equally master of wild horses and wilder men, subduing both into abject submission with a single word. Colporteur and gentleman, vagabond and scholar, he powerfully attracted and interested the most opposite characters and classes.

The astonishment of the wretched Spanish gypsy, when he heard this stranger speaking fluently the "crabbed Gitano," was only equalled by the bewilderment of the polished and travelled British officer who found him equally at home in English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Hindu; who heard him converse in German with an Austrian Baron, and then give orders to his Greek servant in Romaic, while a few words from his lips brought a group of threatening gypsies grovelling to his feet. Interesting as were the peoples and incidents figuring in the pages of "The Bible in Spain," they were always more or less secondary to the writer, and the close of the book left the reader mystified and asking for more.

The subsequent works in which the author promised apparently a full satisfaction to the bewildered public only served to deepen the

* We have pleasure in abridging from the January number of the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*, the following admirable article on the remarkable scholar and writer—George Borrow, author of "Lavengro" and many other books.—ED.

sense of mystery. "Lavengro, an Autobiography," was advertised in 1849, and after the reading world had been kept on the tenterhooks a couple of years, the work made its appearance. The book was tantalising in the extreme; for although it proved an exciting and interesting narrative, it broke off suddenly and left its readers still completely puzzled. Six years later came the sequel under the title of "Romany Rye," but this proved more tantalising and unsatisfactory than ever. The question was as to how much of this curious narrative was fact, and how much fiction. That question nobody was able to answer, and as might be expected, the man who was constructed out of such materials was not by any means identical with the real man. People were inclined to doubt, indeed, whether the man portrayed in these volumes had any real existence. "Are you really in existence?" wrote one correspondent while reading "Lavengro."

And at last the man was set before the world as he was. To attempt such an undertaking was surely no light task. To unravel the tangled skein of his life with its "veiled period," and its myriad mystifications, might have daunted the most enthusiastic literary detective. But for some years there have been rumours that a Borrovian of the first water was engaged upon an authoritative and exhaustive "Life" of "The Unknown," and that at last the curiosity, which for half a century had clamoured for satisfaction, was to be granted its desire.

And who is George Borrow that such a fuss should be made about him? A very natural question if you have never been under the spell of "Don Jorge:" quite an impossible one if you have. Once you have owned the spell of that remarkable man you want to know heaps of things about him, and will regard it as quite a matter of course that a learned Professor should take to the road in order to afford you and the rest of the world the desired information.

Rarely has a biographer been beset with such extraordinary difficulties, and still less rarely has he addressed himself with such patience and thoroughness to the task of overcoming them. These two bulky and handsomely got up volumes may not contain all we should like to know about George Borrow; for it is safe to say that no mortal could have produced a work that would have done that. It was inevitable that a certain element of mystery should hang round the man, even after the world had been ransacked for well-nigh half a century to find the material wherewith to explain him. Here at last is the real Borrow. The portrait is full length and life-size—six feet three and the warts left in. The figure is still magnificent, but very human. In spite of his immense enthusiasm, the author takes care to "nothing extenuate," and, of course, it were impossible indeed for him to "set down aught in malice."

George Henry Borrow was born at East Dereham, in Norfolk, on July 5th, 1803, and was baptized in the very church where three years before the poet Cowper was laid to rest. His father was a native of Cornwall, whence he fled after a somewhat riotous youth, to enlist in the army. In due time he settled down into a steady young Captain and Adjutant of Militia. Pugilism seems to have been one of his early accomplishments, and he never forgot that he had once fought a drawn battle of an hour's duration with big Ben Brain, the noted pugilist. His memory, and not least that of his pugilism, was cherished with exceeding reverence and affection by his famous son. The regiment with which Borrow,

senior, was connected, moved about from place to place, and young George had a variety of experiences and schools.

It was at Norwich, where his father retired on his pension, that he developed his extraordinary genius for languages. Here he learned French, Italian, Spanish, from a banished priest; Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, from a Jew named Levy, whom he calls "Mousha" in "Lavengro;" Gaelic, Danish, Norse, Welsh from books; German from the brilliant William Taylor, whose translation of Burger's "Lenore" first awakened in Sir Walter Scott his capacity for writing ballads. All this while serving his apprenticeship to the law under Messrs. Simpson and Rackham.

But there was one other language in which Borrow was perhaps most deeply interested—Romany. His acquaintance with the gipsies dates from an early period of his life. A memorable scene it is where the child stumbles across a couple of fierce gipsies and completely overawes them with his tame viper. They take him at first for a goblin, and then for a sap-engro, or master of serpents, which to them was pretty much the same thing. Their bloodthirsty mien quickly changed to the most abject subservience and respect. Their strange language interested the boy greatly, he having never heard anything like it before. Then another member of the gang gallops up and quickly all is in confusion. The tents are instantly struck; the horseman, whom our hero was again to see fifteen years later on the gallows, receives a couple of heavy money-bags, and then goes galloping down the lane, the hoofs of his horse thundering for a long time on the hard soil; and then the rest of the gang, flogging their animals terrifically, hurry away in the same direction. "A strange set of people," said the boy, "I wonder who they can be." And so ended his introduction to those "children of Egypt," the fascination of whose language and character was to abide with him through life.

It will be admitted that the youth's accomplishments were, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "special and peculiar." But what was to be the practical advantage of the equipment? When he was between eighteen and nineteen, his father put it to him seriously, as to what he intended to do, and whether he could support himself by his Armenian and other acquirements. The stock was varied and extensive, but would it pay a remunerative dividend? On that, the young man was fain to confess he had not thought at all. And yet he was all the while preparing himself for his life-work. And now began that tragedy of life, the effort to find the true niche.

His father dying, young Borrow went up to London, where for some time he managed to eke out an unsatisfactory living by doing hack-work, chiefly in the form of translations, for Sir Richard Phillips, publisher and editor. When reduced to almost his last coin, he managed to earn £20 by "The Life of Joseph Sell," a work which even Dr. Knapp has been unable to trace. With this money he turned his back on London, and set out on his travels. The exciting stories of "Lavengro" belong to this period.

One question which every Borrovian will ask in relation to our biographer will be: Does he tell anything of Isopel Berners? The biography tells us much, but in this particular is rather like the Commentaries in that it leaves us in darkness where we most desired light. Of all the striking and picturesque figures which cross Borrow's stage, none of them can compare with Isopel. She is presented

with a rare dramatic skill, and the final scene, where, standing in the sunshine at the mouth of the Dingle, she slowly lifts her arms and waves a last farewell, leaves upon the mind of the reader very much the same effect as the closing scene of Scott's "Ivanhoe." Kingsley used to say that Isopel was "too good not to be true." That touch of mystery in which Borrow is such a master is given here with perfection. This girl of magnificent stature, of immense strength, was yet gifted with a rare beauty, a modest mien, and a virginal dignity which fill us with wonder and admiration. Certain it is that had he never portrayed this unique and fascinating girl, the author of "Lavengro" would have never attained his present popularity.

At the conclusion of "The Romany Rye," George Borrow is on the road from Spalding to Lynn and Norwich. This is in the autumn of 1825, and he is in his twenty-third year. The seven years which follow were spoken of by Borrow as the "veiled period," which he intended to keep secret. Dr. Knapp has lifted the veil. The period was not spent in romantic travels, but in the continuation of that tragic effort to find his true niche which gives its poignancy to "Lavengro." During this uneasy yeasty period, he was living an irregular life, translating "romantic ballads," and "drifting on the sea of the world." He is thirty years of age, and has not yet found his true sphere. His amazing linguistic attainments have brought little grist to the mill, when suddenly we find him brought under the notice of the Bible Society, and, as by the wand of a magician, everything is changed.

Norwich was incredulous to learn that Borrow had been turned into a colporteur of the Bible Society. The Martineaus rolled in their chairs. The famous Harriet records that "when this polyglot gentleman appeared before the public as a devout agent of the Bible Society in foreign parts, there was one burst of laughter from all who remembered the old Norwich days." Truly, he must have seemed a portent when he first made his appearance before the venerable seigneurs who formed the Committee. He was of such a magnificent stature, such confident bearing, such uncanny linguistic attainments, that they must have felt a special Providence had been fashioning this instrument for their special use. He was introduced to the notice of the Society by Mr. Cunningham, the rector of Lowestoft, and recommended as a man who could read the Bible in thirteen languages.

Borrow's first commission was to Russia, where he was to see through the press the entire New Testament in the Manchu Tartar, or Court language of China. He spent six months in acquiring the new dialect, and in 1833 sailed for St. Petersburgh. His reception there was very gratifying. Distinguished scholars welcomed him, and he found access to the best libraries. The task he had undertaken proved a most difficult one. A printing office had to be established, German type-setters imported and trained, every line of their work superintended and revised. Borrow laboured night and day, and in the end achieved a signal triumph. Experts declared the work to be admirable. In addition to the work of superintending the printing of the Manchu Testament, Borrow had been engaged in the study of Mongolian and Chinese. Did he not dream of "wandering, Testament in hand, overland to Peking by way of Lake Baikal and Kiakhta, with side glances at Tartar hordes?" But, when at length the work was done, the Russian Government refused the necessary passport, and

the books had to be dispatched to England.

And now Borrow's opportunity came. He had shown himself so valuable an agent that the Bible Society were not slow in finding him a new mission. This was to go to Spain and Portugal for the purpose of making inquiries "respecting the means and channels which may offer for promoting the circulation of the Scriptures." Borrow was well equipped for the task, and accepted the offer without delay. And the records of that undertaking? Are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of "The Bible in Spain: the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman?" In its original form the famous book consisted of letters addressed to the Committee of the Bible Society. One can vaguely imagine the impression they would make in Earle Street. No such extraordinary communications had ever been addressed to that august and venerable body in the whole course of its history. What must it have been to listen to a narrative of the labours of a colporteur from the pen of a Cervantes, a Defoe, and a Lesage all rolled into one? Add to this the fact that the said colporteur was wandering in a land of glamour and romance, at a time of revolution and bloodshed, and amid strange and picturesque and sometimes savage peoples.

With the close of his five years' campaign in Spain, Borrow's connection with the Bible Society came to an end. This was due, perhaps, in part to the fact that he ceased to be a benedict. Although not a marrying man, he got married. The lady, Mrs. Clarke, was an old Norfolk friend, and somewhat older than himself. He has described her as the best woman of business in East Anglia. And certainly she was prompt and business-like in the methods she adopted for transforming her friend into a husband. Did she not follow him to Gibraltar, catch him at Seville, bear him back to England, and marry him in a week after landing. What a brave woman she must have been, to be sure! Why, even the stately Isopel, with all her strength, her stature, and her ability for taking her own part, trembled at the prospect of a union with Lavengro, and incontinently fled the country. Perhaps our hero had learned that the conjugation of Armenian verbs was not exactly a satisfactory method of conducting a courtship—to the lady. Anyway, it was a fortunate marriage. Did not old Mrs. Borrow approve? And was not young Mrs. Borrow delighted? Even the stepdaughter was acquiescent. As for Don Jorge—well, he apparently "did not mind." And why should we, since the arrangement gave him a devoted wife, a comfortable home in his beloved Norfolk, and a share of an income which was enough to enable him to prosecute the literary labours which have placed him among the classics of literature.

The first result of his labours was "The Gypsies in Spain," compiled from notes and sketches while wandering in the Peninsula. It was published in 1841, and had a fair measure of success. Then Mrs. Borrow was set to work on the Bible Society letters, the loan of which had been obtained with difficulty. She turned the correspondence into an unbroken narrative. Borrow then returned the letters to the Bible Society, and issued his book in 1843 in three volumes. The "instantaneous and overwhelming success" it met with made Borrow happy and exultant. It was not merely what he had done, but that he felt he had it in him to do so much more. Perhaps he had, but whether the public would have the gumption to appraise his next work

at its true value was another question.

The genesis and publication of "Lavengro" are told at length in the "Life." The book puzzled the public, which "has no mind to be made a fool of by a mysterious vagabond." The world frowned and declined to place the book by the side of "The Bible in Spain." Not till 1857 did the sequel "The Romany Rye," make its appearance, meeting with no better success. These failures made Borrow furious and, to some extent, soured the remainder of his life.

A lengthened visit to Llangollen enabled him to gather the materials for his book, "Wild Wales," which was published in 1862. It is one of the best books on that delightful country in existence, but it did not reach a second edition till three years afterwards. The Isle of Man was next visited, where, as in Wales, Borrow greatly astonished the people by talking their language. The visit gave an impulse to Manx scholars, which resulted in the formation of a Manx Society for deciphering runic inscriptions and collecting the *caravals,* or carols, which had been preserved for generations in remote cottages.

For a time we find Borrow living in London, where his wife died. In the "Athenæum," Egmont Hake gave, just after Borrow's death, a striking picture of the man as he appeared during his residence in London. His vigour was amazing. On a March day, with a bitter east wind blowing, he would walk through Richmond Park until he reached the Fen Ponds, and in spite of the fact that there was ice on the water, he would strip and jump in, diving for a long distance, and reappear at a far-off spot. Imagine this in a man of seventy years of age! He died in 1881, at the age of seventy-eight, and was buried beside his wife in the cemetery of West Brompton.

There is in Borrow's style a certain Defoe-like simplicity, though marred by a lapse now and then into studied mannerism. But his rare mastery of good strong English, and his power of vivid description, whether of mankind or of nature, make his works delightful reading. In the matter of dialogue, Borrow has the true dramatic instinct. Scattered through his works are passages of magnificent eloquence, and it is a pain not to be able to quote some of them.

Neither in religion nor in anything else could Borrow be conventional. He was nothing if not eccentric. And yet he was religious, with an element of true reverence in his nature, and an unswerving belief in the beneficence of God. He had a fierce hatred of priestcraft and cant of any kind, and never ceased to inveigh against the machinations of Rome. Some have counted this last as only one among his numerous unreasoning enmities. But he knew Rome as few have known her, and his declarations as to her policy in this country have been strikingly verified during the last few years.

It is a little odd that a man so impatient of convention should have been so devoted a member of the Church of England, and so intolerant of dissent. More than once, however, he attended what must have been a Primitive Methodist Camp Meeting. His remarks are not complimentary in the one case, but in the other, both speaking and singing seem to have made a deep impression on his mind. "I have recalled that hymn to mind, and it has seemed to tingle in my ears on occasions when all that pomp and art could do to enhance religious solemnity was being done—in the Sistine Chapel, what time the papal

band was in full play, and the choicest choristers of Italy poured forth their mellowest tones in presence of Batuscha and his cardinals —on the ice of the Neva, what time the long train of stately priests, with their noble beards and their flowing robes of crimson and gold, with their ebony and ivory staves, stalked along, chanting their Sclavonian litanies in advance of the mighty Emperor of the North and his Priberjensky guard of giants, towards the orifice through which the river, running below in its swiftness, is to receive the baptismal lymph."

Then follows a fine description of the next preacher, one of half a dozen men who were in the wagon, "dressed in sober-coloured habiliments of black or brown, cut in a plain and rather uncouth fashion, and partially white with dust, and with their hair smoothed down as by the application of the hand." This was in Borrow's wild days, and long afterwards he had a brief glimpse of the preacher who spoke on that occasion. "Farewell, brother!" shouted Lavengro, on this second meeting, as he rode away in obedience to an urgent summons, "the seed came up at last after a long period." And then I gave the speedy horse his way, and leaning over the shoulder of the galloping horse, I said, "Would that my life had been like his—even like that man's." The preacher was "one of those men—and thank God their number is not few—who, animated by the spirit of Christ, amidst much poverty, and alas, much contempt, persist in carrying the light of the Gospel amidst the dark parishes of what, but for their instrumentality, would scarcely be Christian England."

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Tell me, thou follower of the Lord,
Where now thy feet are tending.
In Galilee
I last saw thee—
Calvary is the ending!

Hast thou come to Jerusalem,
All heads before thee bending?
And there is yet
Sad Olivet—
Calvary is the ending!

Or art thou come to Calvary,
Thy meek "Forgive" ascending
On Calvary,
His own must be—
Calvary is the ending!

But His shall rise, for He arose,
To Paradise swift wending.
For those whose feet
His steps repeat,
Paradise is the ending.

—*Mary M. Currier.*

KEEPING LENT.

Is this a fast to keepe
The larder leane
And cleane
From fat of veales and sheape?

Is it to quit the dish
Of fleshe, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged goe,
Or show
The downcast look and soure?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheate,
And meate,
Unto the hungry soule!

It is a fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate,
To circumcise "thy life."

To show the hearte griefe-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,
And that's to keep thy Lent.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND GNOSTICISM.

BY JAMES H. RICHARDSON, M.D., M.R.C.S., ENG.

In the article on "Christian Science," by Rev. Dr. Chown, in The Methodist Magazine and Review for February, that writer says: "Gnostic and scientist mean the same thing. In many points the two isms are in theological affinity."

Mosheim, in his "Ecclesiastical History" (Harpers' Edition, p. 77), says: "Of all the different systems of philosophy that were received in Asia and Africa about the time of our Saviour, none were so detrimental to the Christian religion as that which was called Gnosis, or science. It was from the bosom of this pretended Oriental wisdom that the chiefs of those sects which afflicted the Christian Church originally issued forth. These supercilious doctors, endeavouring to accommodate to the tenets of their fantastic philosophy the pure, simple, and sublime doctrines of the Son of God, brought forth, as the result of this jarring composition, a multitude of idle dreams and fictions, and imposed upon their followers a system of opinions which were partly ludicrous, and partly perplexed with intricate subtleties, and covered over with impenetrable obscurity."

How well this applies to Christian Science any one who has studied the text-book, "Science and Health," can appreciate. To show that Christian Science is merely a re-hash of Gnosticism, mixed up with other equally absurd exploded notions, it is only necessary to present their teaching side by side.

Gnosticism.

Quotations are from Mosheim.

1. "The Eternal Mind, from which all spirits derive their existence, must be inaccessible to all kinds of evil—therefore, the origin of these evils, with which the universe abounds, must be sought somewhere else than in the Deity. Now there is nothing without or beyond the Deity but matter, therefore matter is the centre and source of all evil" (Vol. 1, p. 77).

2. They held that "malevolent genii presided in nature, and from them proceeded all diseases and calamities, wars and desolations" (Vol. 1, p. 113).

3. "Man is a compound of a terrestrial and corrupt body, and of a soul which is of celestial origin."

Christian Science or Eddyism.

Quotations are from "Science and Health" and "Miscellaneous Writings."

1. Mrs. Eddy says that what she calls "mortal mind" is the "centre and source of all evil," "mortal mind's actions end in all evil" (p. 639), "mortal mind produces all sin, sickness and death" (p. 135), "it convulses nature" (p. 246), "its rapid fury is expressed in earthquake, wind, wave, lightning, fire, bestial ferocity" (p. 189).

2. "Mortal minds," then, in Mrs. Eddy's philosophy, represent the "malevolent genii" of Gnosticism.

3. Man's soul, Mrs. Eddy declares, is not merely of "celestial origin," *but is God.*
   "Soul and spirit are one. God is soul. Therefore, there can be *but one soul*" (p. 230).
   "The term souls, or spirits, is as improper as the term *Gods.* Soul or spirit signifies Deity, and nothing else. There is no finite soul or spirit.

These terms mean *only one existence*" (p. 462).

Hence, "God and man are inseparable" (p. 232), "and eternal" (p. 496), "God without man is a nonentity" (p. 199).

Hence, also, "soul cannot sin" (p. 111).

4. "This nobler part is miserably weighted down and encumbered by the body, which is the seat of all irregular and impure desires" (Vol. 1, p. 81).

4. "The corporeal senses are the source of all evil or error" (p. 485), "The soul is at variance with matter" (p. 111).

"In science we learn that it is *material sense*, not soul, which sins" (p. 477).

5. "The demiurge which claims dominion over the world exerts its power in opposition to the merciful purpose of the Supreme mind" (Vol. 1, p. 81.)

5. Mrs. Eddy's demiurge is "mortal mind," and the "corporeal senses."

6. "Such souls as, throwing off the yoke of the creators and rulers of this world, rise to their supreme Parent, and subdue sinful motions, shall rise to the Pleroma" (*i.e.*, the fulness). (Vol. 1, p. 81.)

6. Such persons as resist the bondage and power of "mortal mind," attain "faith, wisdom, power, purity, understanding, health, love" (p. 9), and "rise to the All in All" (p. 9).

7. "Those who remain in the bondage of (*a*) servile superstition and corrupt matter, shall, at the (*b*) end of this life, *pass into new bodies*, (*c*) until they awake from their sinful lethargy" (p. 81).

7. (*a*) The "servile superstition" is represented by Mrs. Eddy as the "false belief in sin, sickness and death."

(*b*) After death, "this human mind has still a body, through which it acts," "like the dead body which we see" (p. 81).

(*c*) If men are under the power of the material senses when they die, "they will remain as material as before the transition" (p. 186), "perfection is only gained by *degrees*" (p. 186).

"As death findeth mortal man, so shall he be after death, *until* probation and growth shall effect the needful change," and "awaken them to glorified being" (p. 187). In connexion with this we must bear in mind that "sin is never pardoned" (p. 157), "soul cannot be lost" (p. 206), "progression and probation," will finally secure "universal salvation" (p. 187).

8. "In the end, however, the Supreme God shall triumph over all opposition, and deliver those souls that have been imprisoned in mortal bodies."

"The Gnostic doctrine concerning the creation of the world, led that sect to deny the divine authority of the Old Testament" (p. 113).

8. Mrs. Eddy says, all contained in Genesis, after ii. 6, *is a "mortal* and material account" (p. 514), and, "spiritually followed, the book of Genesis is the history of the *untrue*." There is a "great preponderance of unreality in the whole narrative" (p. 496).

9. "The notions of this sect concerning Jesus Christ were impious and extravagant. (*a*) They denied his Deity, and rejected his humanity, because everything corporeal is in itself

9. Mrs. Eddy teaches that Jesus "partook of Mary's earthly condition" (p. 335). Now Mary was of the "Adamic race," and Mrs. Eddy characterizes it as "the sinning race

essentially and intrinsically evil" (p. 113).

10. "Hence the greater part of Gnostics denied that Christ was clothed with a real body."

11. "Or that He suffered really for the sake of mankind."

12. "They maintained that He came to mortals with no other view than to deprive the tyrants of this world of their influence" (p. 113).

13. "The persuasion that evil resided in matter rendered them unfavourable to wedlock, as the means by which corporeal beings are multiplied" (p. 113).

of Adam" as distinguished from "God's man" (p. 291). Christ, she says, was not a person but "the truth."

10. Mrs. Eddy teaches that Jesus Christ never died. Christ never died, because truth cannot die. And as to Jesus: "His disciples *believed* that Jesus died, while he was hidden in the sepulchre, *whereas He was alive.* The lonely precincts of the tomb gave Jesus a refuge from his foes, and a place to solve the great problem of being" (p. 349), *i.e.*, the problem of Christian Science, for "the Science of Being and Christian Science are convertible terms" (p. 20).

11. Mrs. Eddy teaches: "The death of Christ *never* paid the price of sin, this none but the sinner can pay" ("Miscellaneous Works," p. 165), and "We must pay the uttermost farthing," ("Science and Health," p. 310). "Sin is never pardoned or cancelled" ("Science and Health," p. 327; "Miscellaneous Works," p. 261).

12. According to Mrs. Eddy, the tyrants of this world are merely false beliefs in evil, in sin, sickness and death. "*They* are the illusions that Jesus destroyed" (p. 127).

13. Mrs. Eddy teaches that, "Human procreation is a *state* of mortal mind" ("Miscellaneous Works," p. 289). When we remember that "mortal mind" is the source of all evil, we see what Mrs. Eddy means. Moreover, she declares, "Celibacy is nearer right than marriage" ("Miscellaneous Works").

The following comparison will show the correspondence of Eddyism with the doctrines of the Beghards, or Brethren of the Free Spirit, who flourished in the thirteenth century.

Beghards.	Eddyism.
1. "Rational souls were (*a*) so many portions of the Supreme Deity, and (*b*) the universe considered as a great whole was God" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 430). "Every pious and good man is the only begotten Son of God, engendered from all eternity. Every man might be united to the Deity, and become one with him" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 430).	1. (*a*) "Soul and spirit signifies Deity" ("Science and Health," p. 462). "Soul of man is God" (p. 198). (*b*) "God and man, including the universe, are one and eternal" (p. 496).
2. "They looked upon (*a*) prayer, fasting, (*b*) baptism, and (*c*) the sacra-	2. Mrs. Eddy's teachings about (*a*) prayer, show that by prayer she

ments of the Lord's Supper, as of no use to the perfect man" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 431).	means merely pious contemplation. In her parody of the Lord's Prayer, she strikes out, "give us our daily bread," and "forgive us our debts," and "deliver us from evil" (p. 322). (*b*) She completely ignores the ordinance of baptism, and defines it as "purification by spirit" (p. 572). (*c*) She declares the Lord's Supper to be "a dead rite." "Christian Science is the second coming of Christ" (p. 43). "Christ, truth, *has* come, no commemoration is requisite" (p. 339).
3. "There were in this fanatical troop certain enthusiasts who maintained that the believer could not sin" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 43).	3. Mrs. Eddy declares "soul cannot sin" (p. 111). Sin, according to her, is not transgression of God's law, but is "the law of mortal belief" (p. 493).
4. Lucius, one of the Beghards, wrote a book called, "The Book of the Nine Rocks, Under Compulsion by God" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 434).	4. Mrs. Eddy wrote her medley of blasphemy and nonsense, "as a scribe under orders," "her necessity was to tell it" ("Miscellaneous Works," p. 311).
5. Joachin Wilhelmina lived in the 13th century. "This delirious and wrongheaded woman was extravagant enough to persuade herself, and, what was more amazing, to persuade others, that the Holy Spirit dwelt in her" (Mosheim, Vol. 2, p. 436).	5. Mrs. Eddy is extravagant and impious enough to declare that her book "*is* the Holy Ghost."
6. "Manes, in the 3rd century, was so adventurous as to say that Christ had left the doctrine of salvation unfinished and imperfect, and that he was the Comforter" (Mosheim, Vol. 1, p. 231).	6. Mrs. Eddy declares that the Scriptures were not understood for eighteen and a half centuries. "Woman was the first to interpret the Scriptures in their true sense" (p. 526). "Now, across a night of error, shines the guiding orb of truth" (Preface, "Science and Health"). "Christian Science is the Comforter" (p. 167).

CHRIST AROSE ON EASTER DAY.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer;
Death is strong, but life is stronger;
Stronger than the dark, the light;
Stronger than the wrong, the right.
Faith and hope triumphant say
Christ will rise on Easter Day.

While the patient earth lies waking,
Till the morning shall be breaking,
Shivering 'neath the burden dread
Of her Master cold and dead
Hark! She hears the angels say
Christ will rise on Easter Day.

And when sunrise smites the mountains,
Pouring light from heavenly fountains,
Then the earth blooms out to greet
Once again the blessed feet;
And the countless voices say
Christ has risen on Easter Day.

LEGENDS OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY MRS. BATTERSBY.

Legends seem to offer to us "children of older growth" somewhat the same attraction presented by fairy tales to the inmates of our nurseries,—very possibly for the same reason, that under the symbol of some beautiful and fanciful story, in many instances, a useful moral truth is conveyed to the mind of the reader.

Some legends, however, may take higher ground than mere morality, for they have not only a hidden vein of ore lying beneath their surface, but if we seek those especially connected with the life and death of our Lord, we may find the pure gold of a spiritual meaning rewarding our search.

The legend of the aspen tree has been so beautifully versified by an anonymous author in an old volume of Good Words, that I am tempted to quote a portion of the poem:

"Not a breath of air in the region wide;
Not a ripple upon the river;
Yet all of a sudden the aspens sighed,
And through all their leaves ran a shiver.

"My darling, she nestled quite close to me,
For such shield as my arms could give her;
'There went not the least waft of wind through the tree,
Then why did the aspens shiver?'

"I told her the tale how by Kidron's brook
Our Saviour one evening wandered;
A cloud came over His glorified look
As He paused by the way and pondered.

"The trees felt His sighing; their heads all bowed
Towards Him in solemn devotion,
Save the aspen, that stood up so stately and proud,
It made neither murmur nor motion.

"Then the Holy One lifted His face of pain:
'The aspen shall shake and shiver
From this time forth till I come again,
Whether growing by brook or by river!'

"And oft in the listening hush of night
The aspen will secretly shiver,
With all its tremulous leaves turned white,
Like a guilty thing by the river.

"So the souls that look on His sorrow and pain
For *their* sake and bow not, shall quiver
Like aspens, and quake when He comes again,
Through the night for ever and ever."*

A German legend, of obscure origin, gives to our little robin the honour of having flown around the cross of our Redeemer till its breast was stained with the blood which flowed from His hands. Possibly some dim record of this beautiful old tradition may account for the respect shown even by village children to this little songster. Other birds may be hunted with sticks or stones from bush to bush, but in almost every instance the redbreast remains unmolested, and its eggs and nestlings undisturbed.

There is a plant of the buckwheat tribe indigenous to Great Britain as well as to Syria, and named the Spotted Persicaria, of which the following story is related:

Upon the mount of Calvary, where the "accursed tree" was placed, grew a herb which was stained with blood from the wounds of our Saviour, and to this day it bears a crimson spot upon each leaflet, to distinguish it from all other plants.

Longfellow's beautiful translation of the "Legend of the Crossbill" is well known:

"On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.

"And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He now, with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron
A poor bird is striving there.

* Another version records that of the aspen tree was made the cross on which our Saviour died, and that therefore in remorse the leaves of the tree have shivered ever since.

"Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease;
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

"And the Saviour speaks in mildness,—
'Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood.'

"And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered quite with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear."

In the forests of Thuringia vast flocks of crossbills may constantly be seen, singing in the pine branches, as they empty the fir cones of their aromatic seeds. Even in Great Britain there are few seasons in which these strange birds do not exhibit the peculiar structure of their bills, and their bright red plumage, identifying them with the legend of Julius Mosen, and the superstition that the faithful bird destroyed its bill in the vain attempt to release our Saviour from His sufferings.

There is another tradition, not so well known as that of the crossbill, which has always appeared to me even more beautiful than that tale, from the exquisite idea it presents of the Holy Spirit hovering over and comforting our Redeemer in His hour of darkest agony, even as He comforts His believing people now, when earth is fading from their sight. It is called "The Legend of the Ringdove":

"When upon the cross in anguish
Jesus drooped His dying head,
Then a gentle dove beside Him
Sought to soothe that hour of dread,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

"Still amid that time of horror,
Through the darkness' funeral pall
Spread o'er Calvary and Judah,
Came the low sweet voice through all,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

"When the thief his eyes uplifting
To the Holy One appealed,
And when Christ His pardon promised,
Then the dove that promise sealed,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

"When the last sad groan was uttered,
And the Saviour's Spirit passed
From His load of bitter sorrow,
Constant, faithful to the last,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie,

"Sat the ringdove, moaning softly
With that voice surpassing sweet,
Pouring forth her love and pity
At the blessed Master's feet,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

"So she bears a ring to mark her,
Crown or collar, dazzling white,
Round her azure neck forever
To remind us of that sight,
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie."

One more legend must close this slight sketch of a subject which would take both time and space to enter upon fully: it is that of the crown of thorns, which the apostles gave to Joseph of Arimathea, after our Lord's crucifixion:

"To Glastonbury Joseph came,
And brought that sacred crown
Christ wore, when on the cross of shame
He laid His tired head down. . .

"One Christmas Eve St. Joseph dreamed
The crown could not be found;
He sought it long, and then it seemed
A light shone on the ground;
And looking there he saw a tree
He ne'er before had seen,
Its berries red appeared to be
Blood-drops amid the green.

"The green leaves had a many thorn:
Then did St. Joseph see
The blood-stained crown the Lord had worn
Was grown into a tree.
He woke to find what he had dreamed
Had in the night come true;
Planted by angel hands, it seemed,
The holly thrived and grew."

It is strange that the untutored mind of a poor deaf and dumb Irish boy should have seized upon the idea embodied in a legend which must have been utterly unknown to him. Charlotte Elizabeth tells us a few weeks before "John B——'s" death, on Christmas Eve, his sister brought in a quantity of holly. An expression of the most divine sweetness overspread his countenance, and lifting his meek eyes to me, he took a small sprig of holly, pricking the back of his hand with its pointed leaf, and showed me the

little scars left by it. Then, selecting a long shoot, he made a sign to twist it about his head, described the pain it would give him to do so, and with starting tears signed "Jesus Christ." He then pointed to the berries thinly scattered on the holly bough, and told me God put them there to remind him of the drops of blood that stained the Saviour's brow when so crowned. Charlotte Elizabeth adds, "I stood before the boy, filled with conscious shame for that I had never traced the touching symbol."

Fanciful these legends may be, but what thinking mind would like to lose the remembrance of such a time, which may be conjured up by bird, and tree, and flower, in our daily walks, even if we fail to trace a deeper meaning in the beautiful old stories. Surely anything which for a few moments can raise our thoughts from earth to heaven has not been written in vain.

THE FESTIVAL OF EASTER.

BY LAURA E. ALLAN, B.A.

Easter is the annual festival observed throughout Christendom in commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. Like the names of the days of the week, the word Easter (Anglo-Saxon "Eastre"; German, "Ostern") is a survival from the old Teutonic mythology. Bede informs us that it is derived from Eostre, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring, to whom the fourth month—thence called "Eostur-monath"—corresponding to our April, was dedicated. This month, Bede informs us, was the same as the "Mensis Paschalis," when "the old festival was observed with the gladness of a new solemnity."

The name by which Easter is known among the Romance nations (French, "paques"; Spanish, "pascua"; Italian, "pasqua") is derived through the Latin "pascha," and the Greek πα'σχα, from the Chaldee form of the Hebrew name of the Passover festival, in memory of the great deliverance when the destroying angel "passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt when he smote the Egyptians" (Exodus xii. 27). Some of the early fathers of the church, to whom Hebrew was an unknown tongue, gave an erroneous derivation of "pascha," from the Greek πάσχειν, "to suffer," as being the period of our Lord's sufferings, but the true origin is from the Hebrew, "he passed over."

In the New Testament, or in the writings of the apostolic fathers, there is no record of the celebration of Easter as a Christian festival. Commenting on the passage, 1 Cor. v. 7, which has been erroneously supposed to refer to an apostolic observance of Easter, Chrysostom writes, "The whole of time is a festival unto Christians because of the excellency of the good things which have been given." Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, writes, "The apostles had no thought of appointing festival days, but of promoting a life of blamelessness and piety." He, doubtless, gives a true statement of the case when he says that the festival of Easter was introduced into the Church in perpetuation of an old usage, "just as many other customs have been established."

As the first Christians were intimately connected with the Jewish Church, they naturally continued to observe the Jewish festivals,

though in a new spirit, as commemoration of events of which these had been the foreshadowings. The thought of Christ, the first-fruits from the dead, the true Paschal Lamb, ennobled the Jewish passover and it became the Christian Easter.

And thus at a very early period the observance of the Paschal festival became an established rule in the Christian Church. But as early as the second century of our era, bitter disputes arose between Christians of Jewish and Gentile descent respecting the proper time of its observance, which led to a long-continued controversy and an unhappy severance of Christian union. With the Gentile Christians the first day of the week was identified with the Resurrection festival, and the preceding Friday with the crucifixion, irrespective of the day of the month. The Jewish Christians, on the other hand, celebrated their passover on the fourteenth day of the moon, irrespective of the day of the week. With the one, therefore, the observance of the day of the week, with the other the observance of the day of the month, was the ruling principle. Those who, following the example of the Jews, adhered to the fourteenth of the moon were accounted heretics, as usually happened to the minority, and received the appellation of Quartodecimans. These dissensions produced scandal and schism in the church, and became a source of mockery and ridicule to the unbelievers.

In 325 the Council of Nicaea was summoned by the Emperor Constantine, one of the purposes being the settlement of this controversy. The Quartodeciman usage had never taken permanent root, and, when the Council met, the Syrians and the Antiochenes were the solitary champions of the Jewish rule, which had been dropped even by the churches of Palestine and Alexandria. With the unanimous consent of the assembled prelates, it was ordained that the celebration of Easter should take place on a Sunday. However, nothing was said as to the determination of the day, which was practically left to be calculated at Alexandria, the home of astronomical science. So a more intricate question remained to be solved, viz., how the full moon on which Easter depended was to be predicted.

The rule laid down at Alexandria was that Easter should be celebrated on the Sunday which immediately follows the full moon that happens upon, or next after, the day of the vernal equinox. Should the fourteenth of the moon, which is regarded as the day of full moon, happen on a Sunday, the celebration of Easter was to be deferred to the Sunday following. The observance of this rule renders it necessary to reconcile three periods which have no common measure, namely, the week, the lunar month, and the solar year; and as this can only be done approximately, and within certain limits, the determination of Easter is an affair of considerable nicety and complication. It is probable that the makers of the rule were not sufficiently versed in astronomy to be aware of the practical difficulties which their regulation had to encounter.

Thus, as there was no general agreement as to the cycle by which the festival was to be calculated, we learn of many discrepancies in its observance during the succeeding centuries. St. Ambrose tells us that in 387 the churches of Gaul kept Easter on March 21, while the churches of Italy postponed it to April 18, and those of Egypt a week later still, to April 25. The early British Church always commemorated the crucifixion on a Friday and the resurrection on a Sunday, but they observed the eighty-four years' cycle originally

received from Rome, while the Roman Church had adopted the more accurate calculations of a later time. This led to a double Easter being observed by the adherents of the two Churches. At the Council of Whitby (654) the Roman rule was adopted in England.

But after nine centuries, a fresh discrepancy in the observance of Easter arose between the Roman and the English Church. This was occasioned by the refusal in England to adopt the Gregorian reformation of the calendar, 1582. This alteration was introduced into Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy at the same time as in Rome, and soon after was received in France and the Catholic States of Germany. The Protestant States of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden adopted it in 1700, but in Great Britain the alteration was opposed by popular prejudice, apparently for no other reason than that the change had originated at Rome. The inconvenience, however, of using a different date from that employed by the greater part of Europe, in matters of history and chronology, led to the adoption of the "new style" by Act of Parliament in 1752. It is remarkable that the churches of Russia and Greece still observe the unreformed calendar.

Easter Day has always been regarded as the chief festival of the Christian year, commemorating, as it does, the central fact of our religion. Christmas is the children's festival, but the joy of Easter can be comprehended only by those who have suffered bereavement. To sorrow-worn humanity each returning Easter brings the hope of the last, glorious Easter of which these earthly festivals are but faint and passing shadows.

Marlbank, Ont.

THE MASTER IS RISEN INDEED.

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet,
The music pours out like a sea-wave, pulsing in praise at His feet;
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has risen again—
But we look for the sign of His coming in the hearts of the children of men.

Wherever the kind hand of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe,
Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson, in "Union Signal."*

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

O God of battles; God of strength!
Now hearken while we pray:
May Nineteen Hundred bring at length
Our world's lost Eden Day.

No more may strife of man with man
Bring grief and wounds and death;
Across our seething passions fan
Thy Spirit's peaceful breath.

For thunder of the fort and fleet,
For pomp of armaments,
Give us fair households, blithe and sweet,
And homely heart contents.

May Nineteen Hundred's happy arc
Span gloom with fadeless glow;
White lilies bloom to light the dark
Ways where the mourners go.

May Nineteen Hundred's joyous hosts
Behold the wondrous tryst
Of God with men, when seas and coasts,
Loved-guerdoned, own the Christ.

—*The January Woman's Home Companion.*

FROM THE HILLS OF ALGOMA.

BY MAUDE PETITT.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD LOG-HOUSE ON THE HILLS.

It was Maytime in Algoma. Spring had come with an unusual burst that year—the glorious northern spring-time—and nowhere did it seem more resplendent than around that solitary old log-house among the hills. A picturesque spot, but a wild and lonely one, was that where it stood. Beyond the few acres of fertile garden rose the furze-clad hills, intermingled with the grey granite of the rocks. Ledge upon ledge—tier upon tier, they rose; and, encircling all, the gloom of a pine wilderness.

Far below, sheltered in its little nook lay Beth-aven village—a sleepy little place, awakened only by the shriek of the whistles on the Canadian Pacific, as the trains paused for a moment in their rush to the great west. Before the village lay Lake Kanata, like many of the northern lakes, though three or four miles in length, it was just wide enough to allow a view of the opposite shore, a part of that desolate country known as the "burnt lands."

But let us return to the old log-house. There was a something almost dignified about it, with its massive timbers and deep-set windows, and the great elm spreading its branches above the roof. The open door revealed a room that served the two-fold purpose of kitchen and dining-room. Everything was neat, "spick and span," as we sometimes say; clean floor, polished tins on the shelf, and the old Maltese cat stretched out under the hearth to "sorter give things a more cosy look;" while a piece of rag carpet spread across one-half of the floor enabled that end of the house to answer to the dignity of a "settin'-room."

So still was the place, it seemed deserted at first, but no, a slender girl sat in a rocker by the window. A delicately-featured face, an olive complexion, and softly luminous dark eyes, together with something that at once absorbed your whole interest. Perhaps it was that gentle air of refinement—a refinement almost too mature for a girl of twenty-one. Or, perhaps, it was those dark eyes. They had the changing brilliancy of those of a woman of the world, but that soft, drifting light in them said, "Nay—a dreamer from the hills."

Her slender fingers were resting absently on the chords of the guitar she held. A small table littered with books, stood beside her, a volume of Caesar, a set of Dante's works and one of Pierre Loti's tales (all in the original), showed her to be master of more than one tongue. A diamond gleamed on her finger, but it did not seem less in keeping with the place than she seemed. Who was she—this gentle, dark-eyed lady? Some princess in exile? or some mysterious spirit lingering among the shadowed beauties of the hills?

She was gazing just then down upon the village below, with its log-houses and Indian settlement. But it was not upon either of these her eye was fixed. There was the dignified old grey stone church, the bell hanging silent in its massive tower, and just opposite, the manse (of grey stone also). Farther up the shore stood three or four stately manors, long since forsaken. The moss and the weeds and the owl had possession of them now.

Years ago, some wealthy Scotch families, having an interest in the copper mines, had settled there, to live a quiet little life of their own. They had built the village church and manse, and Rev. Kenneth Auldearn, M.A., of one of the first families of Scotland, had been stationed there. But the mines had failed; the young pastor was drowned while boating on the Kanata, and nothing remained now but the story. The manse only was occupied; the Rev. Mr. Clifton being pastor now, and, as he had, several years ago, fallen heir to a nice fortune, he took pride in keeping up the dignity of the place.

But why does our dark-eyed girl gaze with such sad reverence on that same old manse? Has she, too, a story? If so, has it any connection with those tales of by-gone times? Perhaps so. We shall know some day.

In the garden outside Grandpa Hurst was busily engaged with his hoe, while granny was pottering about among the newly-sown beds.

"D'ye ever see the like o' this, Hannah?" asked the old man, pointing to a bush. "Things 's as fur ahead as they wuz that early spring twenty year ago."

"It 's twenty-one year ago, Joshua. It was the year Tirzah was born."

"Twenty-one year ago! So it is!" And the old man paused in his work, as his thoughts wandered back into the past, while granny went over to the old wooden bench under the apple tree, and sat down to rearrange her parcels of garden seeds.

"Look, Hannah, there's Michael Roon a-comin' frum the woods," said the old man, as the stalwart figure of the trapper, with a dead mink thrown over one shoulder, was seen crossing the fields.

"Well, Michael, what fur luck are y' havin' these days?"

Granny Hurst was too far away to take in much of the conversation, but an occasional "Well, you don't say so!" or, "Isn't that amazin'?" on the part of her husband, made her eager to hear the "news." He curiosity was soon to be gratified, however, for the trapper, after a few minutes, went his way.

"Did y' hear that, Hannah?" said the old man, sitting down on the bench beside her. "John Brooks hes hed a fortune left him frum the Old Country! A hundred thousand dollars fur him and his! Don't that beat all?"

"My, it's a good thing for that poor Nancy, so sickly like, all the time!" And the old lady's face lighted up with a smile of genuine rejoicing over her neighbour's welfare.

"Do y' know I've often wondered if there isn't some'at o' that kind a-waitin' fur the lass," said the old man, with a nod toward the house where the young girl sat.

"I wus just a-thinkin' yesterday," he continued, "when I came through by the graveyard, where poor Nellie an' him is a-lyin'. Thinks I to myself, it'll be strange if old Sir Douglas, when he's a-dyin' doesn't think about his son's child."

"Oh, those aristicrats is such queer uns, there's no tellin'."

"Queer or not, nature is nature in rich man or poor, and it's nature's way to like one's own flesh and blood, an' I tell you, Sir Douglas 'll be sorry at the last fur the way he treated Kenneth."

"Well, he may be dead now these many years, fur aught we know."

"Yes, but it seems to me we ought to try an' find out. I wuz just a-thinkin' yesterday, when I stood there by the graves, how would it be to have Mr. Clifton write over to Scotland and see if Sir Douglas is still alive? He might leave her a good, round sum yet."

"Yes, an" she might be none the better o' it, too. Money makes more fools than wise men."

"That's true, wife, but we ought to see that the poor lass has her rights."

"Rights! What rights does she want, more'n to bide here contented wi' her own mother's folk?"

"Yes, but we must not forgit, wife, she's an Auldearn still. She's Sir Douglas Auldearn's granddaughter. The Auldearn blood is in her veins."

"No, an' I don't furgit she's our daughter's child, or that we've hed the raisin' of her. She's none the better fur the high blood that's in her veins."

It was seldom the good old lady showed such strong symptoms of a bad temper.

"But it's hard fur her all the same. If her father had lived she would have been the young lady of Beth-aven manse, yonder, or, p'r'aps, of a bigger one, fur her father had a clever head. He'd a got a city church, no doubt."

"Well, you allus wuz fur puttin' her up above her own folk, what wi' givin' her high-school larnin', and music lessons, an' all the rest, and now you want to go an' fill her head with a lot o' notions about her great relations, that don't care no more fur her than they do fur my old shoe."

"I only tried to raise her, wife, so as her father needn't be ashamed o' her if he wuz to come back to the earth to-day."

"Yes, but he's not here, now. She has nobody but two old creatures like us, an' if she don't like teachin', the best thing she kin do is to settle down and marry some good, steady lad, instid o' carryin' her head so high like."

"She'll not do that here, Hannah. She's too clever a head. It'll take somebody with some larnin' to suit her. Mr. Clifton says he never see the like o' such a brain as she's got."

"Brains! Yes, but what good's brains, except to them big folks as kin set in a room full o' books all the time. It 'ud ha' bin better for her poor mother if she'd ha' married some plain man, instid o' marryin' that great, high-larn't preacher.

Him out o' such a tony family, too, an' bein' disinherited fur it."

"Ah, no, wife, he wuz a good husband to her, you know it, an' a kind son to us, even if he wuz high-born. I'll never forgit his look that night they brought him up out o' the water."

The old couple wiped away their tears as they recalled the night when the young pastor of Beth-aven Manse was brought home, still and cold, after that fatal boat-ride.

"Tirzah's been a good lass, too," continued the old man. "You remember that time I wuz sick so long, how she sold her piano to pay off the mortgage and the doctor bill. She never said nuthin', either, but it went to my heart to see her wander around kind o' lonesome like when it wuz gone."

"Yes, she's bin a good lass, that's true," answered the old lady, wiping away another tear. "But, Joshua, I tell you she's her mind too much sot on the things of this world. It'll do her no good to fill her up with notions about a fortune an' grand relations.' '

"Well, Hannah, mayhap yer right. God forbid I should interfere with His doin'. He knows best."

The old man went back to his hoeing, leaving Hannah with her bundles of seeds. An occasional tear trickled down her wrinkled cheeks as she worked. She was sorry for her little display of temper, for down in her heart she loved her granddaughter dearly. So much so, that the constant dread of her life had been, that Tirzah's aristocratic relations, on her father's side, would some day seek her out, and lure her away to a more brilliant sphere.

It was twenty-two years since the romance had furnished fire-side talk for the village dames. The old couple had had but one child, a gentle, fair-faced girl. Sweet Nellie Hurst had a refinement all her own, neither inherited nor acquired. Perhaps she learned it in nature's school, on open hill or in lonely woodland, or, perhaps, and which is far more likely, it came from the ennobling consciousness of being a child of God, the daughter of the King of kings.

Be that as it may, Rev. Kenneth Auldearn, when he took up his abode in Beth-aven Manse, looked upon her to love her, and one quiet summer day he took her home to wife. It was true he had paid dearly for it, since his father, Sir Douglas Auldearn, of Glendenan Castle, Scotland, disinherited him immediately on hearing of the marriage, for theirs was a haughty race. But Kenneth was never known to rue it. There was nothing on earth so sweet to him as his wife and baby daughter. As for her, like the Lord of Burleigh's wife,

> "She grew a noble lady,
> And the people loved her much."

But one spring evening a canoe capsized on Lake Kanata, and in the night time they bore home to the manse something all stiff and stark and cold. Then the sad-faced young widow went back to her father's house, with her little three-year-old daughter. The manse furniture was sold, all except the piano kept for Tirzah, and this constituted all of Mrs. Auldearn's worldly wealth, but it was sufficient, for, ere many seasons passed, she drooped and died, and they laid her beside her husband, among the village graves.

Tirzah grew up a slender, dark-faced girl. She resembled neither parent in looks. Her father had remarked, during his life-time, that she was the exact image of his mother, a Parisian lady of high rank. Certain it was, that she had an innate taste for elegant surroundings and brilliant life, or what the world calls brilliant life. Her grandparents were, on the whole, a little disappointed in her as she grew older. They would, perhaps, have felt more at home with one who would have mingled freely with the village girls, and whom they could have teased about Jim, Jack, or Joe. But Tirzah had grown more distant and reserved with each passing year. She was something beyond their reach, though they were proud of her in a way, for it was a common remark that "that slim, dark-faced gal of Hurst's," had the cleverest head in Beth-aven.

It was this pride, perhaps that led them to pinch and save to send her to Collingwood High School, with the usual rural ambition of "makin' a teacher of her." She came back more distant and self-contained than ever, and two years' teaching in the poor little village of Port Mavor had only given a soft melancholy to her manner. She did not like teaching. She hated it. But it was the life-work set before her, and she bore it as her cross, silently, though far from

submissively. She had intended going to the Normal School at Toronto, at the beginning of the last term, but a sharp and sudden illness on the eve of her journey overthrew her plans, and eager to make the most of her time, she was now taking up honour matriculation work for Victoria University, studying by herself, all unaided, in her little garret upstairs.

It was a lonely life that she led there. Every link that bound her to her early life in the manse seemed broken—every link, save one. Margrete Clifton, Tirzah's most intimate friend, was the daughter of the present pastor of the church, and Tirzah sat as a visitor sometimes in the house where she was born. There was just a touch of patronage in it, she fancied ; but, perhaps, it was only fancy. She was very sensitive. Margrete was a brilliant girl, and there had always been a sort of rivalry between these two, but Tirzah never failed to surpass her friendly rival. Sometimes she would sigh as she thought of "what might have been," if her father had lived. She saw her position in the world, as Rev. Kenneth Auldearn's daughter, would have been very different from that of the poor gardener's grandchild. Those three years at school had awakened the longing that slumbered within, for other things.

It was not till she was on the threshold of womanhood that the girl had begun to realize how great had been her loss. She was away at Collingwood when Grandpa Hurst fell ill, and he had lain there long, weary months, when she returned for her summer vacation. Then it was she began to see how poor and meagre was their life. The garden was neglected ; the doctor's fees increased; the bills poured in, and Tirzah had used up the frugal savings of years on her education.

At last, when he began to recover, the old couple sat anxious and heavy-hearted, and said the old home would have to be mortgaged.

Then it was that Tirzah came down from her garret with grave eyes and lips pressed firmly together. She went into the little front room, where stood her piano—the piano they had brought with them from her father's house. Her fingers rippled dreamily over the keys for the last time. She had that delicate touch that belongs to the true musician only, and which none other can ever acquire. Her voice was soft and rich and full of feeling for one so young. A teacher had come from Sudbury to give her music lessons, and it had cost the dear old couple many a sacrifice, but it was her turn for sacrifice now. Her piano must go. And it did go. She would not see the old home mortgaged while she could lift a helping hand. But no one knew how much the sacrifice cost her. She had loved every throb in those chords that kept time to her own throbbing young life. But she said nothing ; she only studied harder, and now and again she looked at Margrete Clifton's home and suppressed a quiet sigh.

Then that other chapter of her life had opened. Margrete went away to Whitby Ladies' College, and she, Tirzah Auldearn, went to be mistress of that little country school among the sand-hills of Port Mavor. It was truly not an encouraging field for a girl of her disposition. She could hardly have got a rougher school or rougher surroundings. Patiently and conscientiously did she do her duty, but the task palled upon her. She did not take it as her mother would have done, a holy task, given of God —a mission field. She had not yet reached that higher plane of life, where the little common-place duties become the ideal, and take upon them the dignity of God-given tasks. She pined in her secret heart for a wider life. There were no kindred minds there. And her savings from her first quarter's salary were invested in a guitar, that helped her to forget her lost piano, and a collection of books that absorbed her spare time. So the two or three years that she spent in Port Mavor were gain in more ways than one, though, perhaps, she hardly realized it herself.

In the fall she intended going to the Normal School, and then there would be nothing but teach, teach, teach, day after day. She sighed faintly ; the birds were singing in the woodland to the west ; the bee was droning among the leaves outside, and a more soothed look crossed her face. She was asleep.

"Chuck ! chuck ! chuck !"

It was the old yellow rooster looking saucily in at the open door that awakened her, and she rose to "shoo" away the chickens.

"Tirzah ! Put the kittle on and light the fire."

"Yes, grandma."

The kitchen clock was pointing toward tea-time, and Tirzah went up-

stairs to don her working apron. The Hurst home was rather more dignified than some of the village houses, in that it boasted a pair of stairs. The common mode of elevation to the lofts in Beth-aven was a ladder, on one or two of which, I am sorry to say, the hens roosted. But Grandpa Hurst was a thrifty gardener, and brought back many a handful of pennies after tramping the neighbouring towns all day with old Nan and a cart of vegetables.

It was a pleasant little room that Tirzah called her own, though a plain one certainly for the granddaughter of Sir Douglas Auldearn. A "hit-and-miss" rag carpet, a fresh muslin curtain draped over the window with its tiny panes, a shelf of books, and a wooden rocker seemed the chief adornments. But no, on the little white-draped stand in the corner stood a photo of a handsome man, with noble brow and clear, earnest eyes. He wore a graduating gown with its ermine-lined hood. It was Tirzah's father.

That picture was almost a living companion to her. It was her inspiration in her lone hours of study. When weary she turned toward it, and it seemed to beckon her on to higher things. Just beside it stood a picture of the entrance to the University of Edinburgh, where he had lived his college days. These and the diamond on her finger, her mother's engagement ring, were the only mementoes of the past she kept in sight.

Tirzah went down-stairs again to spread the cloth for supper, and set out the old blue china. Granny Hurst was cutting potatoes in the frying-pan (they always had potatoes for tea in this mountain cabin), and Grandpa Hurst sat leaning his chair back against the pantry door, his hat on his knee, while he listened to his old wife's bits of "news." Dear, cheery old soul, who was there in Beth-aven did not love to hear her talk? Gossipy? Well, yes, rather, but without evil intent. No malice in her whispers.

They, like Tirzah, had their memories—this old couple. In the gathering darkness of the winter evenings, when the wind was howling through the elm branches over the roof, Tirzah had been wont to sit and listen to grandpa's stories of the days when they had settled there to hew a home out of the forest; only a few acres of clearing then, where the deer used to frisk in the moonlight over the logs and stumps, and the howl of the wolves was borne on the midnight winds.

She could see it all, the tallow candles, the old fire-place, where the logs snapped and crackled merrily, and the sheep-pen, built just outside the window, there, that the sheep might be safe, but where the greedy wolves still ventured to come and put their paws on the ledge. It was in those moments she reverenced her grandfather most. She reverenced the grey-haired pioneer who had belonged to those heroic struggles of the past. He had something more dignified about him than Granny Hurst, and he never teased her about the village swains. But just now he was only talking of commonplace things of the garden, the hens, and his neighbours' doings.

"Best show for 'taters I ever saw. The radishes, though, are all wormy this year. I wonder what's the reason."

"I don't know," replied granny. "How's Nan's foot?"

"It seems all right agin. She doesn't limp any to-day. Macintyre & Co. has offered to take all our peas this year. What d' you think we'd better do?"

"We could get more fur 'em at the grocery."

Tirzah placed the brown jar of raspberry jam on the table, and then sat down by the window. She took no part in the conversation, heeding it only as one in a dream. Sometimes she felt a little sadly that she had drifted away from the moorings of her childhood—drifted from the old couple she loved so dearly—from their quiet, simple lives, absorbed in the garden, the chickens, old Nan and the "news," from down town. She sighed faintly, and turned her face to the west, where the sun, sinking into the lake, spread forth two great wings of crimson above the waters. It was one of those gorgeous sunsets that foretell the tempest—one of those revelations of fiery splendour and of glory that sometimes rouse a dreamer to the battle of life. Perhaps it was something in the splendour of the heavens out yonder that made her silent and restless that night.

It was an interesting picture, that supper table, as they three sat down—the old couple, grey-haired and faded, and the slender girl, with her

dark, gentle face. The chill of the Algoma evening had descended, and the door was closed, but she could watch the changes of the western sky through the opposite window.

"Who d' you suppose I seen in Sudbury yesterday, wife? You remember John MacLean that was on the train when we moved here. Let's see, its forty-seven year this May, Hannah."

"That fellow that advised us to turn around an' go back an' not settle in Algoma?"

"Yes. Do you remember how he almost laughed at me fur tryin' to garden here among the rocks an' mines. But, thank the Lord, he led us to a fertile spot, even if it is but a few acres. It was a close shave, though, that first summer we was doin' the clearin', when we had nuthin' but blue-berries and bacon to eat with our bit o' bread. But, thank the Lord, there was always enough."

The meal over, and the dishes cleared away, they had evening prayers, as was their custom. Grandpa Hurst, after wiping his spectacles, took dawn the well-worn Bible, and began to read. Tirzah was not a religious girl at heart, though without meaning to be hypocritical, she appeared to be one. She had inherited a certain amount of piety from her parents—that kind of piety that belongs to some people by right of birth, but a warm, breathing Christ-love she had never yet felt. Through the mists and drifting shadows of her own restless soul, she saw the harbour lights afar—without struggling towards them herself, without heeding the cries of those who struggled beside her. But a day was coming when that divine voice would whisper to her with all its sweetness—awakening a joy and peace, the depth of which she had never dreamed.

Just now it was all a beautiful form to her. She would have been shocked at any outward irreverence or seeming want of devotion, though her reverence for their custom of evening prayer was much the same as that with which she would have viewed the tapers at a Roman Catholic funeral, or a Mohammedan performing his ablutions. It pleased her poetic fancy, this acknowledgment of a something spiritual in man. That was all. Somewhere away back in her childhood she had an impression that it had been more real to her, but if so, she had drifted away from that, too, just as she was drifting from everything else.

The Bible closed, Tirzah went upstairs to her garret bed-room, and settled down for an evening's study. She read with the ease of a born scholar down the long columns of Virgil for a while, then looked out of the window as the darkness deepened.

The crimson still lingered in the west; the chipmunks were scampering along the stump fence by the forest; the evening train came rushing through the gorge like a mad thing, its red light flashing around the curve. Her mind was restless to-night, and she fancied a stroll along the shore would soothe her. Having thrown her pretty, cardinal cape over her shoulders, she followed the road to the village in the light of the rising moon. Beth-aven lay below, a little bed of lights in its cradle of rocks and hills.

She turned without thinking down the street leading past the manse toward the lake. The drawing-room curtains were parted, the lights streaming out; there was a sound of music and song and laughter. Tirzah saw it all as she passed, the brightly-lighted room, richly cushioned chairs, pink azalea and sago palm. Margrete Clifton was sitting at the piano, in a soft, white silk, her light hair in pretty, fluffy rolls. Beside her, turning her music for her, stood a tall young stranger, while two or three girls, college-mates of hers, were chatting and laughing gaily. The fair fingers rippled over the keys. It was something bright and sparkling, like Margrete herself, but it fell coldly on Tirzah's ear—coldly and almost sadly, as it grew fainter, and she paused beside the lake.

A log drifting before the tempest had been driven upon the shore, and she sat down upon it, the waves of the Kanata lapping the sands at her feet. The moon was rising silvery and clear, outlining distinctly hill and rock and forest and the old church with its great tower, the old church where she had been held to receive the sacrament of baptism.

The night was cold, but she did not feel it. Her face was quiet and pensive as she sat there gazing toward the manse windows. Mirth and music were reigning there to-night, and once—it was her home. The low, weird cry of the loon broke the stillness from afar, then the plash of oars and the gay voices of the rowers

passing in the night: but no one saw the lonely girl, sitting there on a log of driftwood on the sands, her crimson cape clinging loosely to her shoulders, her dark face half-uplifted. Her eyes were fixed on the solitary light yonder by the pine wood, her grandfather's humble home.

Then it was she felt the distance between her and Margrete. She even fancied Margrete felt it, too. During the two or three years they had been parted, the latter had learned to do without her friend. She had made other friends during her absence, and, from mingling with the world, had learned "to hold others at a distance," as she expressed it. Tirzah wondered, sometimes, if the "others" included her. And yet, was she not an Auldearn? Granddaughter of Sir Douglas Auldearn, of Glendonan Castle? Her eyes kindled, and a flush crimsoned her cheeks. It was true her relatives had shown not the slightest interest in her. There was but one member of the family in America, a Mr. David Auldearn, of a well-known law firm in Boston, the brother next her father. He had married a wealthy heiress. Once in his summer outing he had passed through Beth-aven and taken a kindly interest in his little dark-faced niece, but that was years ago. No word had broken the silence since, but it did not prevent her being an Auldearn, every inch an Auldearn. The same blood flowed in her veins, the same proud Scotch ancestry behind them both: the same refined, philosophic mind that had been her father's was hers. But what did those things matter? It was just the same life before her—the same humdrum life, day in, day out; year in, year out.

She checked the sigh that rose to her lips, and the bright ripples of music came dancing through the air, quick, throbbing, vivacious, and yet there was a something in that music of a deeper, graver meaning. It was not the touch of the Margrete she had known. Her delicate ear could discern a change. Perhaps it was just that that made her so serious that night. She felt as if she had been left behind somewhere, and Margrete had gone on and on where the current broadened and deepened.

That was just the thing Tirzah Auldearn craved, a wider, fuller life—to see and feel and know, to live life—or, what she in her blindness dreamed was life. But why should she not? In this age of energy and struggle—this age when men and women from humble roofs carve their own way so boldly up the mount of ambition, why should not she, too, carve out the uphill pathway? She clasped her hands behind her head; and her eyes were all aglow with something that kindled into fire as she gazed across the moonlit waters.

Then a sterner look settled on her brow; her lips pressed firmly together; her slender foot tapped the sand with a decided movement. No! She would never go back to it! She would never go back to the old life as it had been! No! She would take a university course. Why not? That very evening, before she left her room, she had been looking at those photographs she reverenced so much, those of her father in his graduating gown and the entrance to the college halls where he had been a student. Oh, if she could but taste that life! It was just the kind of life that would suit her.

True, she had not the means. But what is that in an age when we do not measure obstacles? She had saved but little from her meagre salary as teacher, but then—yes, why not try for a scholarship?

And then, some day, who knew, having taken a course in a Canadian university, she could surely command a large salary somewhere. Why should she not, after a few years' effort, cross the seas to some foreign seat of learning and become one of the noted women of her day?

Truly her ambition mounted high. If she could only get some easy employment in a university city, by means of which to support herself, and still leave time for study! Everything looks so easy in youth. "Where there's a will there's a way," she said.

She had heard of night-schools, and the idea suited her fancy. Why not teach a night-school? And some day, perhaps, she would meet her father's people, when she could make them feel that she, whom they treated as an outcast, was their equal in culture and intellect at least. She would like to meet Uncle David again. She felt, somehow, that he had liked her, in spite of his long years of silence. She had been told once that he had loved his brother deeply, and it had only been the fear of their father that had kept them apart.

At any rate, if the night-school scheme failed her, she would work in holidays. She would live in some garret on bread and cheese. She would make any sacrifice to fulfil her purpose. You would not have thought such strength of will lay behind those dreamy eyes.

She rose with a firmer, more decided step, and cast one backward look upon the waters, rocking gently under the hazy light of moon and star; the rowers passed again in the distance with song and laughter; that hour there on the lake-side, had changed her life. She was one of those natures who, having once formed a purpose, throw themselves with all their strength toward it and through the days and nights that followed, she set her face to the toil with unflinching courage. The dreamer was in the field of battle and far on into the night her light was seen, a solitary speck gleaming among the hills.

GRANDPA EVANS' EASTER ANTHEM.

BY MRS. A. H. DOANE.

"And did He rise, did He rise?
Hear, O ye nations, hear it.
O ye dead——"

So sang a thin, quavering voice, a voice that gave evidence of training, and in which, despite its weak tremble, one could still note traces of former sweetness and power.

"Who's that?" abruptly asked Miss Grey, turning her fine eyes on the old lady sitting near her, busily knitting.

"It's only Grandpa," replied she, in an apologetic tone. "I hope he don't disturb you, Miss Grey? He takes a sight of comfort in singing that. Thinks he's practising for Easter. We don't mind it ourselves—s'pose we've grown used to it."

Emma Grey had only come to the village that morning, and following the stage-driver's advice, had procured board at Mr. Samuel Evans'. Mr. Evans and his wife were clever people, she had been told, and as his boys had gone east to college, and the two old people were the only other occupants of the large, old house, it would be a nice, quiet place in which to rest and recruit.

Mrs. Evans, the younger, a hearty, bustling, hospitable person, seemed to have little time for anything beyond the management of affairs in and about the house. Her husband, being diligent, too, in business, was seldom seen at home on week-days, save at meal-time or night. The change from the roar and bustle of a city to the stillness of a peaceful midland village was so great that Emma Grey's nerves found a soothing sense of comfort in the quiet companionship of Grandma Evans. The gentle face of that old lady, as she sat placidly knitting, seemed to tell of trials surmounted, sorrows overcome, and victory gained. Miss Grey, watching her, decided that after many troublous voyages Grandma's barque had at length entered the smooth waters of "the belt of calms." Grandpa Evans she had not yet seen.

Again the old voice was heard chanting,

"He rose. He burst the bars of death and
trampled o'er the grave——"

An indescribable excitation in the tones stirred her strangely.

The voice still sang on,

"Thine all the glory, man's the wondrous
——"

She turned then to Grandma Evans and said simply, "He must have had a wonderful voice once."

Grandma, cheered and won by her companion's interest, beamed upon her. "Yes, indeed, Jonas was the finest singer about these parts once. I just wish you could have heard him sing 'Bonnard' or 'Ganges,' when he was a young man. There never was such a choir as we had in those days. Why, I shut my eyes sometimes now and seem to hear them all again. Jonas was the leader always. Did you ever hear 'Invitation' sung, Miss Grey? Well, I do wish you could have heard our choir sing that anyway. When Jonas—he was the tenor—sang,

'Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow——'

and all the other parts blended in, it made a harmony fit for heaven itself. I never expect to hear anything equal to it until I reach the 'Happy Land.'" And Grandma fell into a reverie.

Soon, rousing with a start, she continued garrulously, "Jonas was always that fond of singing. When anything pleased him greatly, it seemed as if he sang for fair joy; and when trouble came—and we've had our share of that in our time, Miss Grey—why singing was his only relief like.

"I remember when our John, our eldest, was brought home dead, thrown from horseback," and Grandma's eyes wore a look of reflective sadness. "I believe singing was all that saved Jonas' reason then. Why, for months after, at times he'd leave his work and come in and take up the 'Vocalist' and sit right down and sing for half an hour, hard's he could. I never said anything against it. Sometimes I'd sit down too, and help him. I knew something about the place had reminded him of John and he needed comfort. By-and-bye he'd put the book away and go out again quite cheerful-like."

"And he's sick now?" questioned the lady.

"He had a slight paralytic stroke three months back," explained Grandma, "but he's getting quite smart again now. The only thing is he can't remember he isn't still leader of St. John's church choir. He sits there practising all day long for Easter, that comes next Sunday week. He's set his heart on going to church that day. Whatever we're to do about it I'm sure I don't know. If it's a fine day and he's no worse, I wouldn't like to disappoint Grandpa about going. It might be bad for him. And yet to have him go and find it all changed——," and Grandma's face wore an unaccustomed look of trouble.

"How changed?" again queried her companion.

It was not mere curiosity that prompted the question Grandma knew, for she felt the warm sympathy silently expressed by her guest's bright eyes.

"Well, it is this way," she returned, nothing loth. "Grandpa was choir-leader of St. John's for nigh on to forty years. Last year he was notified that after Easter his services would no longer be required. They'd engaged a young New York man in his place. I've nothing to say against him one way or another, but it pretty nigh killed Jonas. He'd always given his services for nothing, from pure love of the work. Of course his voice had failed some, though Grandpa never could be made to think so himself, but then, land! a year ago he was still a hearty man.

"However, for a few years back some of the young people had been agitating for a change. They wanted things more stylish-like, and Jonas was a terrible trial to some of them, for he would sing 'He arose' at Easter, and 'Come, let us anew our journey pursue' every New Year's, besides being determined to have an old-fashioned tune every little while. They couldn t abide that. They wanted classic music and Latin anthems, and a paid leader, and I don't know what and all. Well, they got their way at last," and Grandma paused to sigh.

"After that, Jonas sat in the body of the church with the rest of the folks and, he did try to be content; but he missed the old tunes, and it seemed as if the strangeness of everything wore on him awful. He'd sing the 'Vocalist' clear through sometimes, but it did him no good. Nothing seemed to help him. From being a fine presentable man he fell right away. Dr. Bangs called it a general breaking up. Then three months ago he had a stroke. Since then he's been happier, 'cause he don't remember about things. But I'm afraid Easter will kill him," and the faithful wife sorrowfully wiped her eyes.

Miss Grey, deeply touched by the simple story, hummed under her breath the air of the anthem still sounding from the next room.

"That was written by Billings, was it not?" she said. "I remember when I was a small girl hearing my grandfather sing it. It reminds me of him. I should think St. John's choir would feel badly about the effect their action had on Mr. Evans."

"Of course," conceded Grandma, "they never intended any such thing, However, 'twas too late to mend matters then, so this last year they've been fixing things as they want them. They've remodeled the church. The choir faces the people now, instead of being behind them in the gallery, as it used to be. Then they've a pipe organ and what they call really good music, though it don't seem so heartsome to me as the old hymns used to. However, I'm old now, and if it wasn't for disappointing Jonas next Sunday week, I wouldn't care."

"Perhaps it won't be as bad as you fear," said Miss Grey, encouragingly. "I hope not, I'm sure."

"Well, I don't know," anxiously persisted Grandma, "the last thing I heard was that a professional woman, a friend of the new leader, was to sing at Easter at St. John's. She's visiting near and

he's coaxed her to help them that day. Everybody appears to think it's something to be thankful for, but I don't know, I'm sure," with a doubtful shake of her head.

During the week that followed, Miss Grey heard Grandpa Evans singing snatches of his anthem at odd hours of day and night. The worried look on his old wife's face deepened as the Eastertide approached. Even Mr. Samuel Evans and his wife confided to her their doubts as to the effect of the Easter services on the old man, and asked her advice. She could only counsel them to conduct him to his old seat in the gallery that he had occupied so long as leader, and then to let matters take their course, since they were powerless to hinder them.

She had never before been so interested and drawn out of herself. Her shattered nerves that she had come to the village to strengthen were forgotten in intense sympathy and thought for others. When a day or two later she left the Evans homestead, she felt as if parting with familiar friends. Owing to subsequent events some weeks passed before she thought of her health, and then she realized she had cured her own ills by planning for others.

Easter dawned bright and clear, a typical Sabbath morning. Grandpa Evans was up and dressed for church bright and early, eager as a boy for a long expected treat. His son and daughter and old wife went about silently, anxious dread on their faces and deep sadness in their hearts. The expectant delight of the old man found no echo in their minds. The sweet freshness of the air, the twitter of the birds, and the pleasantness of a drive on that genuine spring morning was lost upon all but him.

When at length his son helped him out of the carriage and up the gallery steps to his long accustomed seat, the church was crowded. A lady seemed to be keeping a seat in front, Grandpa's old seat, vacant for some one. When they approached, she moved out into the aisle, and they saw with amazement their friend Miss Grey. With a smile she sat down again beside the feeble old man. Grandma, too, sat with her husband in the gallery that morning, but the others went to their own place in the body of the church.

Grandpa sat through the opening exercises as if in a happy maze, and Grandma scarce took her eyes from his beaming face. Well she knew he was reserving his powers to sing once again his beloved anthem, and she feared, oh, she feared.

At length the time, the crucial time, came. The choir opposite rose, nothing but the low, sweet murmur of the organ was heard. Grandpa, in the front of the gallery struggled slowly to his feet, blind to the fact that the choir was not around him as formerly. Grandma noticed that as he stood up Miss Grey did the same, and she thanked her in her heart, for was she not doing it to support her Jonas? But Grandpa needed no support. A flush was on his cheek and triumphant fire in his faded eyes. He stood firmly, his shoulders squared and his chest full. Grandma hardly breathed. The organ swelled louder and louder, and then a burst of melody swept through the building such as the walls of old St. John's had never echoed before. Surely the angels were lending their aid! At least, thought the grateful old woman, they must surely have selected the anthem, for these were the words they sang:

> "The Lord is risen indeed,
> Hallelujah,
> Now is Christ risen from the dead,
> And become the first-fruits of them that slept."

And that voice, clear as a bell, that soared high above them all?

Why it was Miss Grey who was singing!

And her old man, her poor Jonas, with his weak, piping tenor, stood there and sang so happily, his face shining as the faces of those to whom it has been given to behold the glory of the Lord. Grandma bowed her head and wept for very thankfulness.

Few of the congregation assembled there that Easter morning forgot the spectacle, and few there were that needed much explanation of the occurrence. The aged man and young woman standing together singing made a picture worthy of remembrance. Her beautiful face as she sang was animated with kind, unselfish thought for the old man by her side, anxious only that he should find nothing lacking in the sweetness of his loved anthem. He, rapt, transfigured, his thin, pale face refined by suffering and glowing with a beauty wholly spiritual, sang as only the aged can when they sing with the spirit and understanding.

Few listened dry-eyed to that song of praise, and none wished it had been other than it was. None doubted, none could doubt, it to be a Song Acceptable.

After the service, friends and neigh-

bours crowded around, all expressing pleasure at Grandpa's reappearance among them, and complimenting him on his youthful appearance.

"Yes," said Grandpa, in response to a remark about the unusually good music, "it was that anthem. The music was just like it used to be. I've dreamt about it often."

After much persuasion and almost the last to leave the church, he was at length taken home, a happy old man, babbling like a child for very light-heartedness. As for Grandma, she went up to Miss Grey and took her hand. No one ever knew what she said, but her very look was a benediction.

Next day word spread through the village that Grandpa Evans was dying. Miss Grey hastened to the house on receipt of the sad news. The doctor had said that the excitement of the day before had been too much for him in his weak state.

"But oh, Miss Grey," cried Grandma, seizing her hands and pressing them warmly, while the thankful tears poured over her face, "how glad I am Jonas was able to go to church yesterday and sing. He would have died anyway. I am sure of it. And to know he wasn't disappointed is such happiness. Why, last night he said to me that any man could die easy listening to that anthem. That was shortly before he took this last stroke. Will you come and look at him? He can't move or talk now, poor Grandpa, but he is still able both to see and hear. It is so sad to see him die so without a word."

Miss Grey went into the room where Grandpa was lying, his thin, grey hair spread upon the pillow, and his poor, drawn face lighted by eyes filled with such pitiful, anxious wistfulness. As she silently gazed at him through swimming tears, a grey shadow seemed to fall over his face. Then, moved by a sudden inspiration, Emma Grey choked back her tears and sang :

"He rose, He rose,
He burst the bars of death,
He burst the bars of death,
And became the first-fruits of them that slept."

As she sang, the strained, anxious pitifulness died out of the eyes, leaving only peace and joy. Gradually the lids drooped and before the anthem ended, like a tired child, Grandpa Evans fell on sleep.

Barrington, N.S.

MY LOVING SAVIOUR'S HAND.

BY KATHERINE E. PURVIS.

That tender hand—in dark Gethsemane
Raised in the prayer, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"—
Was torn and bleeding in the agony
Through which my guilty soul salvation won.

That chastening hand sometimes doth sorely rest
Upon me while the storms of sorrow fall,
Yet draws me till I lean upon His breast,
And find in Him my strength, my hope, my all.

That guiding hand leads me from day to day,
And smooths my path across earth's desert drear;
It holds me fast—my sure and only stay—
As life recedes and heaven's lights appear.

O loving hand, when shadows deepen fast,
And in the gloom I hear death's billows foam,
Draw me so near my eyes rest at the last
Upon the face of Him who bears me home!

—*Christian Advocate.*

Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Secure, or to awake or die.

—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

TO THE POET.

To write, O heart! it is a solemn thing,
Words that shall echo with resounding ring
Across the world. Perchance to sorrow's ear,
Doubt's darkened cell, the trembling heart of Fear,
Thy song shall pass; what shall its message be?
What word of cheer, or strength, or trust from thee?
Perchance to youth, in life's fair, morning prime,
Perchance to him who at his choosing time
Debating stands 'twixt Right and luring Wrong:
What strong, true message lies within thy song?
To one, perchance, in Pleasure's medley mad,
Or him whom earth's success hath crowned glad,
Who deems not life is solemn, nor that all
Its pomp and pride shall moulder 'neath a pall;
What message dost thou bear, I question still,
That shall into their deepest natures thrill,
And rouse the nobleness and banish wrong?
Naught else, O Bard, were worthy aim for song!

Perchance, when slowly fades the evening light,
And falls the great majestic calm of Night,
A maiden, tender-souled, and fair, and young,
Shall hear the notes thy minstrel soul has sung,
As, musing far across the coming time,
Her spirit wanders, weaving hopes sublime,
And fair, and fanciful, but strong and pure:
Canst promise that the good shall still endure?
Art sure, O Bard, thy lines are worthy such,
The young, the fair, the white of soul to touch?
Art sure that, as her nobler longings rise,
No clouds oppose them in thy song's far skies?
Art sure that thou art true to truth and love,
As Ocean mirroring the blue above?

Perchance the aged shall peruse thy book,
As from the Beulah Land they backward look
On Life's far-winding pathway, trials past,
When peaceful eventide descends at last.
What hast thou, Bard, for them? shall years have taught
Their hearts that weakness harbours in thy thought;
That thou hast sung thy dreams, and named them Truth,
Infatuate by the longings of thy youth?
Or shall they find thy soul was strong, and still
Submissive leaned upon thy Father's will,
Meet to be guided 'mid the common days,
Nor swerved from Right by public blame or praise,
Acknowledging the Great Designer's plan
Eternal pulsing in the life of man?
Yea, shall they find that o'er the chill, the gloom,
The lone dread silence of the voiceless tomb,
Thy vision pierces, manifesting there
The walls and bulwarks of a city fair,
Love-lit and peace-encircled and secure
Reserved for sons of earth, the true, the pure?

Ah, Poet, question thou thy soul and see
What harvest waits thy cherished songs and thee,
What flowers shall bloom, or noisome brambles grow,
Where comes unchecked thy song's far-reaching flow.
Yea, question thou 'mid earth's deep murmuring noise
If to the highest, purest, holiest voice
Thy harp has still been true, and ne'er betrayed
The mighty trust upon thy spirit laid.
Then humbly sing in earth-encircling love,
Regarding still the Voice, and God above.
So shall thy song's ethereal-pulsing tones
Beguile sad earth of all its anguished moans;
And, floating far o'er land and ocean, sound,
And win song's highest aim our earth around.

Tara, Ont. —*William R. Wood.*

THE FIRST HUNTER DAWN.

Easter Readings.

THE THREE MARYS.—*Bouguereau.*

MYRRH-BEARERS, THEN AND NOW.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Three women crept at break of day,
Agrope along the shadowy way,
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay;
  Each in her throbbing bosom bore
  A burden of such fragrant store
  As never there had lain before.
Spices, the purest, richest, best,
That e'er the musky East possessed,
From Ind to Araby the blest.

Had they, with sorrow-riven hearts,
Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts,
In quest of nards whose pungent arts
  Should the dead sepulchre imbue
  With vital odours through and through,
  'Twas all their love had leave to do.
Christ did not need their gifts; and yet
Did either Mary once forget
Her offering? Did Salome fret

Over those unused aloes? Nay!
They did not count as waste that day
What they had brought their Lord. The way
  Home seemed the path to heaven. They bear
  Henceforth about the robes they wear
  The clinging perfume everywhere.

So ministering, as erst did these,
Go women forth by twos and threes
Unmindful of their morning ease—
  Through tragic darkness, murk and dim,
  Where'er they see the faintest rim
  Of promise—all for sake of Him
Who rose from Joseph's tomb. They hold
It just such joy as these of old
To tell the tale the Marys told.

Myrrh-bearers still, at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts to God!
  Rare gifts who chiefest worth was priced
  By this one thought, that all sufficed:
  Their spices have been bruised for Christ.

Easter Gladness.

"The solemn Lenten bells have merged in joyful chime,
  They ring out full and free the song of Easter-time.
  The passion-flowered cross no longer tells of death,
  A resurrected life speaks in the lilies' breath."

We soon shall reach the blessed Eastertide. The bells will ring their glad peals, "He is risen!" What a glorious Easter it will be to every heart from which the grateful response comes, "He is risen indeed!" May the Easter joy—the joy of knowing Him and the power of His resurrection—rise in such high tide in our hearts that it shall overflow in blessing to the world through our speech, our prayers, and our efforts.

May each heart sing:

"I have seen Him and touched Him ;
He has broken the prison.
It is life, it is light,—
The Christ has arisen !"

Then shall we turn away from the sepulchre of buried hopes, lost opportunities, unfulfilled ambitions, unsatisfied heart hunger, bitter memories, lost friendships ; yes, from the graves of our best-beloved. to make others glad with the good news, "He is risen !" When our hearts recognize the voice of Jesus, gladness dispels the gloom ; the tomb where, with blinded eyes and faith eclipsed, we poured out our tears, becomes the gateway to life ; our grief, the avenue to richer joy ; the light affliction, a factor in the eternal weight of glory. May this be indeed our Easter joy, "to know Him and the power of his resurrection ;" to know His love in saving the world, not with a knowledge superficial, but broad and deep in its comprehension of the great love wherewith He loved us. Nothing else will so stimulate our gratitude, create so holy an ambition to be and do our best, so inspire our efforts to be true and self-denying for love s sake.

Phillips Brooks, who has entered into "life in its completeness," said, "Oh ! if we could only lift up our hearts and live with Him ; live new lives, high lives,—lives of hope and love and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion." May God give us some such blessing for our Easter Day !

"May all our votive hearts be alabasters white
Which, breaking to our Lord, in consecration's rite
We gladly give. Their perfume shall be hope, this hour,
And faith, which end in deed –love's perfect-petaled flower."
—*From Watch Tower.*

The Easter Symbol.

"Consider the lilies of the field." We must take our Lord's words exactly. He is speaking of the lilies, of the bulbous plants which spring into flower in countless thousands every spring over the downs of Eastern lands. All the winter they are dead, unsightly roots hidden in the earth. But no sooner does the sun of spring shine upon their graves than they rise into sudden life and beauty, as it pleases God, and every seed takes its own peculiar body. Sown in corruption, they are raised in incorruption ; sown in weakness, they are raised in power ; sown in dishonour, they are raised in glory—delicate, beautiful in colour, perfuming the air with fragrance, types of immortality fit for the crowns of angels. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." For even so is the resurrection of the dead. Yes, not without divine providence, yea, a divine inspiration, has Easter-tide been fixed as the season when the earth shakes off her winter's sleep, when the birds come back and the flowers begin to bloom, when every seed which falls into the ground and dies and rises again with a new body is a witness to us of the Resurrection of Christ, and a witness, too, that we shall rise again ; that in us, as in it, life shall conquer death ; when every bird that comes back to sing and build among us, every flower that blows, is a witness to us of the Resurrection of the Lord and of our resurrection. - *Charles Kingsley.*

Easter Promise and Privilege.

The key-note of Easter is life and joy and hope. "Fear not." said the angel of the resurrection. A Christian has no business to be other than cheerful and fearless. He belongs to a conquering race. He is a disciple of One who never lost a battle. He has no reason to fear anything or anybody, not even God Himself in any servile sense, for God has become his friend. Still less does he fear the censure or the anger of man, for in the discharge of his duty he is invincible. And death has no terrors for him, since Christ so completely overcame that "Arch-Fear" that He is truly said to have "abolished" it.

How greatly this sad world needs just such a note of cheer ! Let it ring out strong and clear on the April air. Jesus said, "I have overcome." And in Him we, too, prevail. We overcome the world, so that its ideals, its ambitions, its alarms, have no influence over us, no power to detach us from the right or turn us a hair's-breadth from the course. We live in a higher atmosphere than the world supplies, and are not interested in the objects it pursues. We overcome the flesh. Its pleadings for indulgence we promptly trample down when they run counter to the call divine. We overcome the devil. Baffled and discomfited, he flees as the believer opposes to his darts the shield of faith, and wields the Spirit's sword

The resurrection gives loudest possible testimony to Jesus as the Conqueror of death and hell, and of all that those grim

words denote. If our trust is in Him, then indubitable is our right to all the rich comfort which comes from the fullest acceptance of the angel message, "Fear not." But let us not forget, in the midst of our Easter joy, that this is only half the message. The other half was, "Go quickly and tell." Here is the aspect of duty which always lies close alongside that of privilege. It is not enough to receive. What can we do for Him who has brought to light for us life and immortality? We can run and proclaim the good news, as did those first ones to whom the tidings came. The new-found joy is too good and great to keep to ourselves. If we try to do so, it will surely be the worse for us. Silence is a betrayal of our trust. We must "tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns." Oh, blessed work! Oh, labour that lay nearest to the Saviour's heart, forever linked with the day of His resurrection and His going up on high! We best celebrate the day as we dedicate ourselves anew to the prosecution of this glorious task, counting no sacrifice too great that the kingdom may go steadily forward, and the world be lifted a little higher out of darkness into light.—*Rev. James Mudge, D.D.*

LOVE IS GREATER THAN SCIENCE.—REV. DR. HUNTINGDON.

I confess to a feeling of disappointment in the case of attempts always honestly, and often very ably, made to handle the question of man's immortality on the basis of natural law explored on purely scientific principles. What if you do convince me on biological or physiological, or even on psychical grounds, that this human nature of ours is probably an indestructible thing, and that the chances are strongly in favour of our survival of the crisis known as death—you have not succeeded in giving me so very much comfort, after all. We want to have revealed to us, not merely the hard fact that another life there is, we want also to have revealed to us what I have called the atmosphere of the fact. We want to know just that very thing which the risen Christ's word to Mary, and word to Thomas, and word to Simon Peter tell us, and which no amount of ingenious dissertation upon the indestructibility of matter and the persistency of force can so much as begin to convey. For we are human, and a man's heart has been given to us, and I confess to a good deal of sympathy with the poet who blurts out his dissatisfaction with such theories as insist upon our being—

> "Only cunning cast in clay:
> Let science prove we are, and then
> What matters science unto men?
> At least to me? I would not stay."

There is a certain fine scorn about that which is rather creditable than otherwise to the scorner.

So we come back to the triumph song with which we started, well assured by what we have seen and heard that the facts warrant us in raising it. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory." How? By weapons forged in the armoury of our own thought? No, not so, not so at all, but "through our Lord Jesus Christ," who, having Himself, in His own Person, won the battle, has been able to make us sharers in the fruits of victory.

AN EASTER HYMN.

I have no gift of fragrant spice,
No gems for thine adorning;
But empty, asking hands I bring,
To greet thine Easter morning.

Here humbly to Thy feet, dear Lord,
I come with Mary kneeling,
O, speak the recognizing word,
Thine heart of love revealing!

Low in the sepulchre of doubt
My soul is prostrate sleeping,
And worldly pride and worldly care
Their sentinel watch are keeping.

Help, Lord! All human aid is vain!
My faith is fainting, dying!
Roll back the stone of unbelief
Before the portal lying!

He hears my prayer, He heeds my cry,
And answers to my pleading:
"Thrust forth thine hand into my side,
For thee 'tis pierced and bleeding.

"Touch thou the nail-prints in these hands—
O, here is no deceiving!
Dear, timid soul, no longer doubt,
Not faithless, but believing."

Of peace and joy, of hope and heaven,
Thou art the bounteous Giver;
Take the poor heart Thy blood hath bought,
And seal it Thine forever!

—*Fannie M. McCauley.*

THE PARSON'S BABY, THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN.*

BY JAY BENSON HAMILTON, D.D.

A prominent manufacturer, in a bustling little Western city, took me to lunch with him during the session of the Methodist Conference which I was visiting. He was proud of the enterprise and beauty of the city, and had much to say of its early history. I imagined from the zest of his recitals that he had been a principal character in many of the stirring scenes he portrayed. He never tired talking of the Methodist minister who founded the first church. The bravery and eloquence of this first parson were the subjects of unending eulogy. The beauty, sweetness and courage of the parson's young wife were topics concerning which the old gentleman spoke with deep and affectionate feeling. He was in the midst of a loving panegyric of the little woman when I interrupted him a little banteringly :

"You speak as if you had loved the parson, but had worshipped the parson's wife."

"I have the best reason in the world for worshipping her," he replied earnestly. "I owe everything I have in this world, and everything I hope to have in the next world, to her. I was a wicked wretch who had only escaped the gallows, which I richly deserved, by a streak of good luck. I was on the road to eternal ruin, and was dragging down with me scores of others, when her little white hand stopped me, and turned me about face." He was completely overwhelmed with emotion for a moment. After a short silence he fervently but softly said : "God bless her little heart."

"Tell me something about the parson's wife," I said.

After a few moments' thought he began to smile, and then laughed softly to himself.

"How would you like to hear the story of the parson's baby, when it was the only one in town ?"

As my silence gave consent, he proceeded :

"The parson's baby was the first baby born in our town. It received a welcome equal to the Fourth of July. Every bell was rung, and every shop and store decorated, in honour of the arrival of the new citizen. It seems childish now, but it seemed very popular and fitting then. The whole town was illuminated, and a torchlight procession marched through all the principal streets. The Fourth of July was nowhere. As soon as the parson's wife was able to sit up, she was placed in the front room, and sat there for hours, singing to her baby. She was a cunning little woman. She knew the boys were wild to see the baby, and she sat by the window, where all who walked by could look in. One of the fellows who had been hanging around for several days, hoping to get the first peep at the baby, was rewarded that morning by seeing the little woman carried close to the window and seated in a chair.

"I was the fellow. Like a great fool, I stopped and looked in. She just smiled and shook her finger at me, and then held up the baby for me to see. I bowed and threw the baby a kiss, and was off like a shot. I told a hundred fellows what I had seen. Would you believe it ? Hundreds had an errand that day that took them by the parsonage. I'll be blessed if it didn't set the town almost crazy. If you have ever seen a pack of school children run to see an elephant, you can imagine how the boys hustled to see that baby. The happy little mother knew how hungry we rough men were for the sight of a baby's sweet face.

"You would have laughed to have seen the presents that poured in for that youngster. The boys got to speaking of it as 'our baby.' All began to wonder when it would make its first appearance in public. We clubbed together and sent off for a baby carriage. I was appointed as the one to present it. About twenty fellows went along with me. As we wheeled the empty carriage through the streets, we had cheers from every corner. I went into the parsonage. The others stood on the sidewalk and looked in the window. The parson's wife accepted the carriage with smiles and tears, and made me kiss the baby as my reward. She promised that I should wheel it out for its first ride in the new carriage.

* Dr. Hamilton has been contributing a series of graphic sketches of Methodist life to the *Independent*. We reprint one of these.—ED.

"It was several days before I received word that the baby needed a ride in the open air. I put on my best clothes and told everybody I met that if they would be on the lookout they could see 'our baby.' Before the little woman gave me her baby she asked me if I was safe company for her little one. I knew she was not joking. I felt hot all over. I knew I was not fit company for anything good or pure, and I started for the door, as I said :

"'Madame, I am not worthy to be trusted with your baby. I am a wicked man, and ought to be ashamed to even look you in the face.'

"Her blue eyes were swimming in tears, and her lips trembled as she said :

"'Jack, you were once a pure baby yourself. Your good, sweet mother loved you as I love my child. It would have broken her heart to have known that you would grow up and become a wicked man. I would rather bury my baby than to have him become a man like you. I am going to pray for you while you are giving my baby a ride. I wish you would pray for yourself. If you will ask God he will make you as clean and pure as you were when your mother held you in her arms. Go, now, and take good care of my darling.'

"Although I was so awkward in starting that the parson's wife laughed like a schoolgirl at my clumsiness, I managed to get going without upsetting the carriage. I found every man in town on the lookout. I went up one street and down another. I found crowds everywhere. Everybody was happy. Some shouted and cheered, and some bitterly cried. The roughest toughs in town seemed to be the heartiest in their cheers, and some of them cried the hardest. One bloated old bummer, who hardly ever drew a sober breath, got right down on his knees and took the hem of the carriage robe in his trembling hands and kissed it, and wept like a whipped schoolboy. He sobbed out :

"'I had a baby like that once. It died, and its mother died ; I broke her heart. I wish I had died before I had ever come to this.'

"I had listened to many sermons by the parson, and had laughed at the little talks of the parson's wife, but I could not get away from the silent preaching of that baby. As I pushed the carriage along I saw my own sweet mother as she held me in her arms and rocked me and sang lullabies to me. I saw her face as plainly as if it had been but yesterday that I had rested my head upon her breast. I heard her voice as she sung to me. The words all came back to me, and the tune, and I found myself humming :

"'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.'

"I was so blinded with tears that I had to stop and wipe my eyes and to conceal my weakness I pretended to tuck the clothes about the little one. The baby looked up into my face and cooed and gurgled and caught my finger in its chubby little fist. The touch of the little hand and the trustful look from the baby eyes did more for me than all the preaching and praying of a lifetime. I found myself praying as I wheeled the carriage. I became a new man while giving the baby its first ride. When I took it back to its mother, I said :

"'Madame, your prayers have been answered. Your baby has done for me what neither you nor the parson have been able to do. I am going to begin a new life.'

"We had some kind of a celebration in the Methodist church, and the parson's wife and baby made their first public appearance. As the little woman walked in, the men cheered and clapped their hands. She smiled and blushed, but did not seem to be offended. During the exercises the brass band played a selection. They had hardly begun when the baby, frightened at the blare of the horns and the crash of the drums, broke out into a shrill cry of terror. It could not be quieted. The horns blew louder, and the drums pounded harder and the baby tried to cry louder and louder. At last one big fellow jumped up, marched down the aisle and seizing the leader of the band by the collar, gave him a savage jerk and shouted :

"'Stop the racket of this band and give "our baby" a chance.'

"The band stopped instantly, but the baby kept right on. It cried for a minute at the very top of its voice. When it ceased, round after round of applause filled the house, and scores of voices shouted, 'Encore ! Encore !' The man who had stopped the band stood up on a seat and cried :

"'Three cheers for the parson's wife, and a tiger for "our baby."'

GOD'S AID AND THE WAR.

To many men of thoughtful and religious disposition, and especially to those who are naturally apt to trouble themselves with the misgivings of an anxious conscience, this war has been a source of peculiar perplexity. They believe that our cause is a just one, and they sincerely hold that they have a right to ask God's aid for our soldiers, and yet they cannot exclude the thought that the Boers are as sincere as they are in their appeals for divine help, and in their belief that God will defend the right. But they argue: "How can this be? God cannot be on both sides, and God cannot be on any but the right side. Are we to think, then, that the war is an ordeal by battle, and that the question of right will be decided by the victory or defeat of our armies? Surely that is impossible, for history during whole centuries is a record of might triumphing over right."

We do not for a moment deny the perplexity of the problem, nor do we wonder at its coming home to men's minds just now, but we also do not fail to note that it is no new perplexity, but troubled men's minds in former ages as it does to-day. It was not solved in the past, nor do we suppose that we can solve it now, but this need not prevent our facing it. There are plenty of things which are inscrutable in the governance of the world. But we should not, therefore, try to turn away from them or to bury them out of sight. We may have to go forward with the work of the world, and leave them unsolved, but we do not make them less mysterious or less awe-inspiring by pretending that they do not exist.

Mr. Lincoln, during the American Civil War, faced the matter we are now dealing with and faced it with his usual clearness of vision and detachment of mind. He did not solve the problem, of course, but at least he left it not a cold, hard paradox, a thing for mockery or sneers, but what it is—a matter which, if too hard for man, is not too hard for God. It is in the second Inaugural that the passage we refer to is to be found. In that astonishing piece of reasoned poetry, where the greatness of the occasion, coupled with the greatness of Lincoln's own nature, made the President speak like a prophet new inspired, he puts before us the exact difficulty. Both sides in the war, he told his countrymen, "read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.'"

Those words might, with only a little change, be said to-day, and said without offence on either side, as might also the passage which begins, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away," and ends with the declaration that whether the war is long or short, we can only say: "The judgments of the Lord are pure and righteous altogether." The last period must be quoted verbatim—a passage both for thought and language as noble as any in our language:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Here, it seems to us, is the lesson needed for the present war. We must not cherish the feeling that we do not care what the merits of the case are, or speak as if the justice or want of justice did not matter. It does matter, and must matter. On the other hand, those who believe that the war is a just one need not and ought not to worry themselves—not because they have doubts as to our cause being good, but because the Boers so sincerely think their cause good, and because both views cannot be right. That is no concern of ours. As Lincoln says, "With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work."

If we are to think, not of our own standard and sense of right and wrong, but are to be constantly looking round to see if somebody else has not got a different or a better one, which conflicts with, or even cancels, ours, we shall simply paralyze our hearts and consciences. It is not expected of us that we should do

more than what honestly seems to us to be right. It is far better to do that strongly and earnestly than to do nothing, because there may be another view of what is truth and justice. "The Almighty has His own purposes." We can only strive to do our duty, confident that if we do that all must fall right, whether the issue is or is not the one we desire. But a part, and no small part, of our duty in moments of peril and danger is to stand by our own country.

We do not for a moment wish to endorse the mischevous sentiment, "My country, right or wrong." If a man sincerely believes that his country is playing an evil part, he cannot, of course, give her help with a whole heart. But for the men who have not arrived at any such conclusion, or who do not profess to have mastered the merits of the quarrel, the duty of patriotism is clear. It is not for nothing men are bound each to each by the ties of patriotism. They cannot break away from the duty of national cohesion lightly or capriciously. Till the country is committed to the arbitrament of war a man may well take sides against the government, *i.e.*, that which represents his country and has a right to speak in its name. When, however, war has once begun, a man must, indeed, be clear and confident in the wickedness of his country's action if he can abandon the fulfilment of the duty of patriotism.

When men in cabinets or committees or other corporate bodies agree to be bound by the will of the majority, and determine that when once a decision has been come to they will act as if that decision were their own, though as a matter of fact it is not, they run, no doubt, some risks of wrong-doing; but they run even more if they cannot agree to loyal co-operation. In the same way some risks are run by the adoption of the principle that when war has begun one must support one's country loyally till peace has been secured again, but still greater risks would ensue if men insisted upon carrying the rights of the minority to the extreme point. Societies endure, and men make sacrifices for them, and give to them of their best in no small measure because they feel that they and their countrymen are tacitly pledged to stand together in the last resort. The man who breaks away from that tacit, but none the less real, pledge, takes a very grave responsibility. We will by no means say that he is always or necessarily wrong, but he takes a responsibility akin to that incurred by those who revolt, and he can only be justified by the magnitude of the evils against which his action is a protest.

We need not, however, labour this point, which can be comprehended instinctively, and needs no explanation. All we want to do on the present occasion is to point out that the sincerity both of our and the Boers' appeals for divine help should be no source of perplexity. Both have a right to make that appeal, but neither will have the right to argue from the result that their cause is right. "The Almighty has His own purposes," and it must not be assumed that these can be fathomed by man. Meantime, we can only say: "With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."—*The Spectator.*

VICTORS.

Who wert thou, Lord, who wouldst not tell thy name
To Jacob, wrestling with Thee all alone,
And wast in haste at daybreak to be gone?
O thou strong wrestler, wast thou then the same
As he who called to Moses from the flame
Of that strange bush which, unconsumed, burned on
In sacred Horeb? Ere the town was won,
Wast thou that Captain who to Joshua came,
Watching by Jericho's beleaguered wall?
Who wast thou, Lord, whom only watching eyes
Might see, whom bold men, striving hard, withal,
And not prevailing, rose up from their fall
Invincible? Lord, meet us in such wise!
So vanquish us that we shall vanquish all!

—*M. A. M. Marks.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE.*

JULIA WARD HOWE.

The recollections of this woman of genius, whose life almost spans the century, who met many of the persons best worth knowing in two continents, cannot fail to be of intense interest. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was born in 1819, near the Battery and Bowling Green, New York, memorable from the early Dutch times. Her father was a wealthy banker. He was a liberal patron of art, and his family enjoyed the best education the times could give in English and foreign languages. One of the sons married into the Astor family, another was the famous Samuel Ward, a society leader through two generations.

During a visit to Boston Miss Ward made the acquaintance of Dr. Howe, to whose loving patience and skill Laura Bridgman, a blind deaf mute, owed her education. He had taken an active part in the memorable struggle of the Greeks, which restored to them their national life. He raised in America large funds, and sent shiploads of clothing and provisions for the Greeks. After their marriage they made a tour in Europe, where Dr. Howe's fame had preceded him. They were everywhere well received, except in Prussia, where Dr. Howe was under a ban for his share in the Greek revolution. Mrs. Howe gives an interesting account of life in Rome fifty-five years ago under the old papal *régime*, living with Crawford, the sculptor, who married her sister.

For the rest of her life, except during two visits to Europe, Boston was her home, and literary philanthropic work her vocation. She became a member of the Brahmin caste, and met everybody best worth knowing. The Howes were somewhat radical in politics, religion and schemes of social reform. Mrs. Howe took an active part in the Anti-Slavery movement, the Peace Crusade, Woman's Suffrage movement, and Woman's Clubs. Her visit to Toronto at a Woman's Conference will be well remembered. We get glimpses in this books of the leading lights in art, literature and politics: Poe, Irving, Mrs. Jamieson, Longfellow, Lathrop, Argosy, the Astors, Bancroft, the Beechers, Bryant, Bunsen, Carlyle, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Sumner, Theodore Parker, Samuel Rogers, Sidney Smith, and many others.

Some of her anecdotes are very amusing. Dr. Howe, a very tall man, had met with a slight accident. Sidney Smith, who was a very short one, insisted on sending him his crutches, and then affirmed that the American had deprived him of his last means of support.

* "Reminiscences, 1819–1899." By Julia Ward Howe. With portraits and illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. vi–465. Price, $2.50.

At a dinner at poet Rogers', Mrs. Howe sat next Landseer; not knowing his name, she innocently asked him if he knew anything about painting, and would he kindly explain Rogers' pictures, which the great artist proceeded to do.

Happening to address her husband as "darling," Dickens, who was in the company, slid down on the floor in a state of collapse, waggled his little foot in the air, and said. "Did she call him 'darling'?"

Mrs. Howe will be best remembered, not for her social successes, but as the writer of a single song, the Battle Hymn of the Republic, a song chanted by war-worn legions on the march, and around the camp-fires of the bivouac. A fac-simile of the first draft is here given. It came to her in the night. She rose and scrawled the verses down and went to sleep again. It is a hymn worthy of a place beside the immortal "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," and has a higher ethical significance.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored!
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps:
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

LOOKING TOWARD THE DAWN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The night may be long, and be dreary it may;
But there surely will follow a bright, bright day.

Unchecked in the darkness if sad tears must fall,
The joy of the dawning shall banish them all;—

And though midnight have questions unsolved that remain,
In the radiance of morning light all will grow plain.

Then wait we with patience! and rest in His love,
Who ruleth supreme every shadow above:

No gloom shall surround us, no sorrow shall press,
Except that He send them our spirits to bless;—

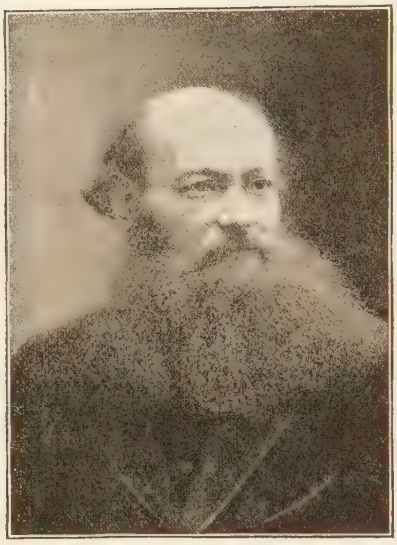
And ne'er will a mystery fail to unfold,
Unless for our good He the meaning withhold.

Oh, tranquilly, trustfully let us abide
The breaking, so bright, of God's glad Morning-tide!

Toronto.

It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wondrous music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife—
Heart-ache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life—
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things—
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings. . . .
So, then, let us ponder a little—let us look to our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for you and me.

A GENTLE ANARCHIST.*



COUNT KROPOTKIN.

Among the distinguished men who attended the last meeting of the British Association in Toronto, one of the most distinguished was Count Paul Kropotkin. He deserves the gratitude of Canada for his admirable contributions to the British press describing its resources and their development. His distinction as a scientist adds interest to the story of his adventurous career as a revolutionist, or, as he styles himself, an anarchist. He is one of the gentlest of men, but the iron has entered his own soul; the wrongs he has received make him the impassioned lover of liberty and enemy of oppression and wrong.

His life-story is one of those truths which are stranger than fiction. His father was the lord of many acres and of twelve hundred serfs, whom he treated with cruel injustice. His son revolted at this wrong, and sympathized with the wronged. When in his twentieth year he had to make a choice of a regiment, he chose to go to Siberia as an officer of Cossacks because he could not endure the empty life of court balls and parades, and because he saw in Siberia a field for the scientific studies to which he was devoted, and for the application of the reforms for which he laboured. He made exploring journeys throughout the vast region of Siberia and Manchuria, explored the glacial deposits of Finland and Sweden, visits Switzerland, joined the International Workingman's Association at Zurich, and decided to devote his life to the cause of revolution.

For this purpose he returned to St. Petersburg to promote a revolutionary propaganda, was soon betrayed and imprisoned in the grim fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, a modern analogue of the old Tower of London. His cell was a gun casemate and its window an embrasure in the wall five feet thick. Through a "Judas" slit in the door the guard could watch every motion of the prisoner. As a special grace he was allowed pen and ink, till sunset only, which came at three o'clock in the afternoon. He beguiled his two years' imprisonment with scientific studies, all the time plotting escape. A system of telegraphy was invented by knocking on the walls.

A fellow prisoner became insane under this durance. "Frightful noises and wild cries came next from the lower story; our neighbour was mad, but was still kept for months in the casemate before he was removed to an asylum, from which he never emerged. To witness the destruction of a man's mind, under such conditions, was terrible."

An almost successful plan of escape was bitterly disappointed, but at last success crowned his efforts. It is an exciting episode. A confederate engaged the attention of the sentry, who had been employed in the laboratory of the hospital, by recounting the wonderful revelations of the microscope; another furnished a closed cab; others engaged all the other cabs in the neighbourhood to prevent pursuit. While detectives ransacked the domicile of his friends which he had just left, he obtained a fashionable dress and found concealment in the most public restaurant in St. Petersburg. He escaped to Finland and Sweden and took ship for Hull. "I asked myself with anxiety, under which flag does she sail, Norwegian, German, English? Then I saw floating above the stern the Union Jack,—the flag under which so many refugees, Russian, Italian, French, Hungarian, and of all

* "Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By P. Kropotkin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-516. Price, $2.50.

nations, have found an asylum. I greeted that flag from the depth of my heart."

He found employment in Edinburgh writing under an assumed name scientific papers. He was asked to review his own books on the glacial theory, but declined; and his identity was thus revealed. He pursued his revolutionary propaganda in Paris and Switzerland, combining the study of science and theory of anarchism, was shadowed by spies, arrested at Lyons, sentenced to five years' imprisonment and confined in the historic Abbey of Clairvaux, with its saintly memories of the great St. Bernard. Here, in a cell, bitterly cold in winter and damp in summer, he worked hard at contributions for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Nineteenth Century." After three years he was released and continued to preach anarchism in Paris and London and write scientific papers.

His faithful wife shared his adventures in many lands, and became a voluntary prisoner in narrow quarters near Clairvaux that she might minister to his needs. His sister and other friends suffered bitter persecution, and his brother died after twelve years' exile in Siberia. Small wonder that he became the intense and passionate enemy of the despotism that wrought such wrong. The very system of repression of Russia but makes the danger of explosion all the greater. It is like weighting the safety-valve and stirring the fire beneath the boiler. The free speech of England, the very license of discussion that is permitted, prevents the social explosions which so often have shaken the European despotisms to the very centre.

AMONG THE LIONS.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

My soul among the lions! Shall I fight?
  No fearful struggle, but a simple trust
  Prostrates the furious lions in the dust.
I stand upheld by humble sense of right,
While kings are powerless against the light,
  And sleepless lie as thoughts of deeds unjust
  And bloody crimes are on their vision thrust
In horrid forms that scare the startled night.
I, smitten by no frightful conscience-pangs,
  Threatened by no soul-monster, strong and grim,
Calmly repose amid white-gleaming fangs;
God's angel guards me, but with fiery breath
  Scathing each lying refuge deep and dim
He sweeps the men of hate to dens of death.

Arthur, Ont.

SHALL I COMPLAIN?

Shall I complain because the feast is o'er,
  And all the banquet lights have ceased to shine?
  For joy that was, and is no longer mine;
For love that came and went, and comes no more;
For hopes and dreams that left my open door;
  Shall I, who hold the past in fee, repine? . . .
  Nay, there are those who never quaffed life's wine—
That were the unblest fate one might deplore.

To sit alone and dream, at set of sun,
  When all the world is vague with coming night—
  To hear old voices whisper, sweet and low,
And see dear faces steal back, one by one,
  And thrill anew to each long-past delight—
  Shall I complain, who still this bliss may know?

—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in "At the Wind's Will."*

The World's Progress.

O UNDISTINGUISHED DEAD.

O undistinguished Dead!
Whom the bent covers or the rock-strewn steep
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn, I weep,
O undistinguished dead!

None knows your name.
Blackened and blurred in the wild battle brunt,
Hotly you fell . . . with all your wounds in front.
This is your fame!

—*Austin Dobson.*

THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

The headquarters of General Sir George Stewart White, showing the bomb-proof shelter, which it is said, the General declined to use. A month or so ago this place was reported to have been destroyed by a Boer shell; but this report has never been confirmed.

A short time since we opened this department of this Magazine with the remark that the world did not seem to have made much progress during the month. The South African campaign, on which all eyes were focused, seemed at an absolute standstill. That can no longer be said. The British have been making history very fast in that land. The first months of the campaign were months of preparation. It was no slight task to convey two hundred thousand men, with all the horses, artillery, equipment and stores required for field work, six or seven thousand miles by sea, and over the wide spaces shown in our map to the seat of war. Small wonder that the Boers with their mobile and ready forces, with their overwhelming armaments, gathered during many years, were able to isolate and besiege Kimberley, Mafeking and Ladysmith. But all that is changed now. With a mobility greater than their own, Generals Roberts and French have raised the siege of the long beleaguered Kimberley, pursued and captured Cronje's retreating army and occupied Bloemfontein. It was with a thrill of patriotic pride that we read of the valour of the sons of Canada in bearing the brunt of the battle, and giving the *coup de grace* to Cronje's resistance. Nothing has so cemented the Empire as the blood of its loyal sons from Canada, from Australia, from Tasmania, mingled with that of the Highland, Irish and English regiments upon the brown veldt of Africa.

Misplaced Sympathy.

We observe that the correspondent of the New York *Sun*, a yellow journal of very pronounced hue, which has been virulently anti-British for years, expresses great indignation for himself and for the Powers of Europe, at the vigorous means taken for the capture of Cronje. Here was a veteran soldier, a man of war from his

COLONEL OTTER.
Commandant of the Canadian Contingent.

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MAP.

The above map of South Africa laid upon the United States is reproduced from the New York *Herald*, and gives an admirable idea of geographical distances.

youth, the hero of many fights, caught red-handed from his flight after nearly a four months siege of the women and children of beleaguered Kimberley, a man who, with a valour worthy of a better cause, tried to hold out till the Boers could accomplish his rescue or establish an impregnable line of defence. Even thus, the loss incurred by his army, well sheltered in the river bed, was less than that inflicted on the British in the open plain.

At that very moment, too, a Boer army was storming with shot and shell the starving, fever-stricken women and children of Ladysmith with their brave defenders, and another is, on the date on which we write, still ruthlessly tightening, like an anaconda, its coils around the forlorn hope at Mafeking—making a special target of the women's laager till Baden-Powell had to protect them by making Boer prisoners share their peril. We read through our tears of the appalling mortality among the children from famine and fever. The critic of the *Sun* might keep some of his sympathy for the helpless victims of Boer atrocities.

Certainly Lord Roberts is not to blame for taking the most vigorous means to end this wanton and wicked war. The most humane method is by seeking the capture of its leaders and their forces. However men may admire the tenacity with which Cronje held out to the last, they can never forget or condone his treachery of a score of years ago in compelling the surrender of a British force after peace was proclaimed—a surrender which he was immediately compelled to revoke.

The morning after General Cronje's surrender the London *Times* printed a sonnet by Swinburne, entitled "The Turning of the Tide—February 27, 1900." The closing lines are :

The winter day that withered hope and pride
Shines now triumphant on the turning Tide
That sets once more our trust in freedom free,
That leaves a ruthless and a truthless foe,
And all base hopes that hailed his cause, laid low,
And England's name a light on land and sea.

Hedging.

It is amusing to note the way in which the foreign military critics, and some domestic ones too, who from their safe retreats were conducting a paper campaign and demonstrating the imbecility of the British generals—the valour of the British troops they did not attempt to deny—are trying to hedge, without entirely making a *volte face*. The German press is becoming much more reasonable ; that of Russia fairly gnashes its teeth at the failure of

their scheme of eastern aggression. The more fully the history of the question of Boer and Briton is discussed, the more just and right are Britain's claims shown to be. An important article by Canon A. Theodore Wirgman, printed in this number, is a valuable contribution to the history of this question.

Intervention.

The enemies of England are specially anxious for intervention now that the British garrisons are relieved and that their Boer friends are getting the worst of

GENERAL PIET CRONJE.
Captured by Generals Roberts and Kitchener.

it. But while the women and children at Kimberley and Ladysmith were being daily done to death and the British were being butchered at Magersfontein, they were quite willing that the slaughter should go on. The British nation is determined that the mistake of Mr. Gladstone shall not be repeated. The Boers, incapable of appreciating his magnanimity, attributed it to cowardice. They have learned better since. The fixed resolve of the nation is that the Queen's writ shall run unchallenged from Cape Town to the Zambesi.

Love and Loyalty.

The recent outburst of love and loyalty to the Queen at the heart of the Empire was even more significant than that of the Jubilee. For that, highest expectations were raised and a spectacular pageant prepared. This was the spontaneous and unorganized tribute of a people to a beloved Sovereign. The gathering of thousands in London streets on a bleak March morning waiting for hours to see a little old lady, dressed in black, drive past in a plain barouche, was a demonstration of affection that no pomp and pageantry can equal. "It may be added," says the *Times*, "that the tribute of the loyal feeling to our venerated Sovereign is united with the determination to show to the whole world that the policy of the British Empire is not to be deflected by the carping and snarling foreign newspapers, or by attempts of any kind which might be made by foreign Governments to interfere with the assertion of its rights and the performance of its duties by the Imperial Government."

The devotion of the Queen to the interests of the realm is strikingly exhibited by her foregoing her annual health trip to the Riviera, and her assuming the fatigue of a public progress to Ireland in her eighty-first year. Although, to use her own touching words, her very heart bleeds for the sufferings of her brave troops, yet, as a constitutional sovereign, she does not hesitate to carry out the will of the people and her responsible advisers even in waging this just war. She is not an oligarch or a despot like Kruger, who imposes his personal will upon an ignorant people who regard him as a prophet.

Mr. Stead Again.

Mr. W. T. Stead has had many admirers for his vigorous journalism, his broad philanthropy, his hitherto unchallenged loyalty. But he is likely to lose many of them by his persistence in his bitterly partisan course in the present conflict with a selfish and despotic oligarchy to secure equal rights for all. In the recent numbers of his *Review of Reviews*, he collects from the very ends of the earth—from the scurrilous comic papers, which delight the enemies of England in Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, Paris and St. Petersburg, even going as far afield as Denver and Minneapolis—all the mean, satirical, mendacious caricatures of Britain's part in the Boer war and reprints them in his *Review*. At the time when the nation is

plunged into grief over the sacrifice of her loyal sons, when almost every home is clad in mourning, he must echo the "barbaric yawp" of these foreign yahoos and portray their insulting caricatures of British statesmen and British soldiers. His own attacks on British honour and British policy are quoted with avidity abroad, give aid and comfort to the Queen's enemies, and help and prolong the slaughter of the Queen's soldiers. He gathers from the foreign yellow press—probably suborned by the Boers' secret service money—all the lying slanders about alleged British butcheries as contrasted with the chivalry of the Boers. That

BURYING THE BRITISH DEAD AFTER MAGERSFONTEIN.

The Boers insisted on blindfolding the British soldiers.

may be his idea of loyalty, but it is not ours in Canada, as the blood of our brave sons, poured out on the veldt, attests. When the war is over it will be time enough to deal with the man whom Mr. Stead has satirized for years as "Blastus, the king's chamberlain."

If we were entirely ignorant of the merits of this unhappy war, and therefore incapable of forming personal opinion, we would be more inclined to follow the judgment of such level-headed men as Lord Salisbury and her Majesty's advisers on whom rests the tremendous responsibility, and such leaders of the loyal opposition, as Lord Kimberley—a significant name—Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. G. W. Perks, and such broad humanitarians as Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, rather than the brilliant and erratic journalist, Mr. Stead, and the clever novelist, Mr. Silas Hocking, with their slender following, who assume that they alone represent the wisdom of the nation.

A distinguished statesman long ago said of Mr. Stead, that he would be glad to be as cocksure of anything as Mr. Stead was of everything. With many excellent and admirable qualities and many sound views, he has a habit of saying such paradoxical and sensational things that sober-minded people can often only wonder with bated breath what he will say next. On his visit to Toronto he was generously offered the use of the Metropolitan Church for an address. One would imagine that his sense of propriety in speaking in a building devoted to the worship of God would somewhat restrain his exuberance. But if it did, it was to a very limited extent, for when he got through, one of the trustees humorously inquired of another if he thought it would be necessary to disinfect and fumigate the church.

We decline to accept Mr. Stead's diatribes upon the present war as representing either the heart or conscience or wisdom of the British nation.

Since the above was written the *Meth-*

odist Times has come to hand, denouncing Mr. Stead's "scandalous conduct" in reprinting "an excessively vulgar and blasphemous caricature" representing a minister of religion on his knees in the attitude of prayer. He is represented as sympathetic with such expressions as "To blazes with Kruger," and "Britannia rules the Skies." But Mr. Stead adds to this offence by substituting for the original title "The Prayer of the Righteous," the following words: "Greatest Britain: or, A Day of Prayer à la Price Hughes." He, moreover, adds at the foot, "Sydney *Bulletin*," giving his readers the impression that this is what appeared in the original caricature.

OLD PARIS—FACADE AND MAIN ENTRANCE.

The *Times* also adds: "As a matter of fact, the comic newspaper of Sydney made no reference whatever to Mr. Price Hughes. Mr. Stead has deceived his readers. He has been guilty of a most dishonourable journalistic offence for the mere purpose of offering a gratuitous personal insult to an old friend who stood by him in his own hour of trouble and persecution." We do not believe for a moment that Mr. Stead realizes how disgracefully he has acted. He did not see that his alteration of the letterpress of the caricature in the *Bulletin* was open to an accusation both of falsification and of forgery. We hope Mr. Stead's eyes will be opened to the nature of his gross offence, and that in his next issue he will publicly apologise to his readers for the way in which he falsified the Sydney *Bulletin* and deceived them."

A Hostage for Peace.

When the Prince Consort projected the first World's Fair at London it was held as a harbinger of universal peace, but, unhappily, some of the greatest wars ever waged followed. It is a curious circumstance that at this time when dread Bellona seems to hold in precarious leash the dogs of war, the Paris Exposition seems to be a pledge of peace. Certainly France will maintain a truce, at least till the Exposition is over. The neutral attitude of the French Government has been beyond reproach. The most of the war talk is the vapouring of the irresponsible gutter journals which traffic upon sensation, and of the reckless boulevardiers who would be glad to see the Government wrecked, even though the whole community were wrecked as well. In the chaos that would follow, they would reap rich plunder for themselves.

One of the most interesting features of the Exposition will be the reconstruction of the old city of Paris. The accompanying illustration gives an idea of this picturesque work, which is rapidly nearing completion. It will stand on a platform of piles extending along the Seine, and will reproduce the streets and buildings of the time of Louis XIII and Louis XIV and fill them with people in the costumes and dresses of that period. Our cut shows the old gate of St. Michael. Within, one comes upon a mediæval square with the ancient town hall, the tower of the Louvre, and many other picturesque old-time edifices.

A Regretable Incident.

A very regretable incident has occurred in connection with the commemoration of Wesley's death at City Road Chapel. The Rev. Mr. Westerdale, whose indefatigable efforts have raised $50,000 for the restoration of this mother church of Methodism, had planned for a lunch on that historic day, at which, besides leading dignitaries of Methodism, Mr. Chamberlain was invited to speak, just as last year Mr. Asquith, a leading Liberal, was

requested to give an address. Such a vehement protest, however, was raised by a few persons, that Mr. Westerdale cancelled the lunch entirely. In reply to this notification Mr. Chamberlain withdraws his acceptance of the invitation to to speak, with the following words :

"Although the pressure of my official work has compelled me recently to decline every engagement which is not immediately connected with my public duties, I was tempted to make an exception in this case, both in order that I might show my respect for the great founder of Methodism, and also that I might bear official testimony to the value of the work which Methodists are carrying out in British colonies. I need hardly say that the form of the invitation and the character of the ceremony absolutely precluded the idea of any political considerations being connected with them, and I accepted the former in the spirit in which it was given."

It would have been a very important historic occasion to have the leader of Her Majesty's Government in the House of Commons in Wesley's Chapel, on the anniversary of Wesley's death, so near the room in which the founder of Methodism died, and so near the spot where he lies buried, pay his tribute of respect to the life and labours of that great man. His words would have been reported throughout Christendom, and would doubtless have proved one of the most important recognitions of the work of Methodism every made. The more is the pity that this generous purpose was frustrated.

Another Ultimatum.

The appeal for peace of the baffled conspirators of the Free State and Transvaal is a fitting supplement to their insolent ultimatum of a few months ago. It is fittingly characterized by the London *Times* as a "curious mixture of unctuousness, cynicism and impudence." The demand of Paul Kruger for both belligerents "to ask themselves as in the sight of the Triune God for what they are fighting," strikes us as a piece of flagrant hypocrisy. Britain has been fighting for the succour of her loyal colonists whose country has been ravaged, whose towns have been besieged, whose women and children have been starved and done to death, and whose fate at Mafeking is even now trembling in the balance.

Even wily old Paul cannot expect his declaration to be taken seriously, that while the Boers were overrunning Natal and Cape Colony they did not make their demand for independence, and the pardon of the rebellion they had fomented among Her Majesty's subjects, "lest such a declaration might hurt the feelings and honour of the British people." That is, while they were everywhere successful they did not want peace, but now they are being everywhere beaten, out of pure kindness to British susceptibilities, they practically repeat the ultimatum of last fall. This is too evidently a bid for the intervention of the enemies of Britain to deceive the merest tyro in politics. It is of a piece with the persistent treachery and abuse of the white flag, even under the very eyes of Lord Roberts, which that gallant officer was obliged to so sternly rebuke. The London *Times* well says : "It is a pity that President Kruger cannot suspend his speculations concerning the purposes of heaven in order to devote a few moments to the enforcement of the claims of common decency and humanity upon the forces let loose by his cupidity and ambition."

His belated appeal is like the excuse of a sneak-thief caught red-handed, that he thought the booty was his own, and never intended to steal it at all. In justice to the rights and sufferings of Her Majesty's loyal colonists of Natal and Cape Colony, Lord Salisbury is right in reaffirming his dictum uttered last November at the Lord Mayor's banquet, that Britain must forever render impossible the waging of such an unrighteous war by the Boers. In this he is sustained by the almost universal verdict of the whole united Empire. Kruger can have peace in an hour if he will but raise the white flag in good faith and cease his murderous attacks on beleaguered British posts, and on the armies of the Queen fighting for equal rights for all. The eagerness with which the burghers welcomed the British at Bloemfontein shows that many of the Free Staters appreciate the benefits of British rule—Steyn himself is said to have sent his family for protection to England.

For such pious people the Boers have done an awful amount of lying in their harrowing reports of British disasters, and shameless concealment of burgher defeats. The stampede of the Boers at Poplar Grove, though Presidents Kruger and Steyn sought to prevent their flight, shows that even their vaunted courage has been vastly overrated. Of such a prolonged aggressive fight against almost impregnable intrenchments as that of Buller for the relief of Ladysmith, they have shown themselves incapable.

Religious Intelligence.

University Reform.

The condition of our Provincial University is of much concern to the Methodist public. In this province Methodists number about one-third of the population. They have important rights and duties in connection with this institution, maintained by public funds for the higher education of our people. Our Church has shown its loyalty to the Provincial University by adopting the principle of federation and holding its own university powers in abeyance as long as that principle is maintained. The measures of university reform or extension, which have been proposed, recognize the true university spirit which has been so conspicuously developed at Oxford and Cambridge, namely, that of a strong university centre with federated colleges. This seems the ideal system.

Victoria College, the oldest and best endowed of all the denominational colleges, is the only one which has yet come into this federation in Canada. It would round out the ideal of a great provincial university if all the other colleges would combine to strengthen the provincial system. Nothing, however, can be more cool, or we might even say impertinent, than the advice which has been given to the Victoria University to cancel her charter, forget her history of over sixty years, ignore her nearly one thousand graduates, turn out of the goodly structure she has reared her hundreds of art students and learned professors who have given their lives to building up her Arts faculty and developing her Arts curriculum, and become merely a theological school.

This federation was entered into in good faith after ample discussion carried on for years, and after decisive vote in the General Conference, the highest court of our Church. It is a solemn compact. For the fulfilment of her part Victoria has put a quarter of a million dollars into a building which would be practically useless except for an Arts college. The proposed strengthening and extension of the university system of this Province in no way originated with Victoria. Victoria is not responsible for it. Of some of its features it may heartily approve, others are as yet imperfect, and others may be doubtful.

The learned Chancellor, Dr. Burwash, well expressed the purpose and attitude of Victoria as to this whole question of higher education in a recent address, as follow: "We are here for work, the common work of a great seat of learning. We are glad to be in the midst of such a noble assembly of higher intellectual life, one of the largest and most influential on the continent. With that life in all its colleges, schools, and faculties we have nothing but the heartiest sympathy and good-will. We are friends of all, rivals of none. But we are not here as beneficiaries of anybody. We are here as citizens of Ontario; we are here because of our rights, taking our part in the common heritage of our country."

The Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions.

This gathering, to be held in New York in April, will be one of very special significance. The century in whose last year we live, has witnessed the most wonderful development of missionary work since the days of the apostles. It is fitting, therefore, to take stock of its progress, to rejoice in its prosperity, and to take measures for its greater success.

A Missionary Exhibit.—Material is being gathered from every mission land in order to vividly present, through the eye, the social and moral conditions of the peoples among whom the missionaries are labouring. It will combine a library and a museum, and will comprise publications of all kinds—books, Bibles, and magazines from the field, in English and many other languages; maps and charts, pictures, models, curios in dress and workmanship, and objects of religious worship, such as idols and fetiches—all intended to illustrate the actual surroundings of the missionary in his work. Our own mission work in Canada can make most important contributions to this exhibit. One of the most conspicuous of these will be the Bibles and hymn-books printed in the syllabic character, invented by our own James Evans, one of the most important missionary achievements of this century. Our own Dr. Sutherland will ably represent Canada on this occasion.

The holding of this Conference should call forth the sympathy, the prayers of God's people in every land. They may also *share its responsibilities.*

The Finance Committee asks for $40,000 to cover the entire expense from the beginning of the work of organization, early in 1896, till the history of the Conference is issued and the last bill paid. Of this amount $8,575 has been subscribed, most of it paid in, and the same subscribers have guaranteed up to $20,000; the remaining $20,000 should be subscribed at once. The Conference is close at hand, and the committees are already somewhat hampered by uncertainty as to the sum at their disposal. Should the question arise whether this investment may not interfere with the income for the regular mission work, we have only to note that whereas in 1888, the year of the last London Conference, British contributions to foreign missions were $4,666,780, the very next year they increased to $5,367,946, and in 1890 to $6,457,235. Contributions of any amount will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged by the treasurer, Mr. George Foster Peabody, of Messrs. Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York, N.Y. Donors of $5 and above will be entitled to receive a copy of the Report of the Conference in two handsome volumes.

The Indian Famine.

Not only have women and children and the decimated armies of Britain been subject to the slow torture of starvation by a wanton and wicked war in South Africa, but the very beneficence of Britain has been an indirect cause of widespread distress in large sections of her great Indian dependency. A recent article by an American missionary at Bombay, points out the crushing and widespread character of that famine, and how through it all the native races, which a generation ago were in revolt against the administration of the East India Company, are now loyal to the core to the Empress of India and the benign administration of the great dependency.

In former times the inter-tribal and inter-racial wars and the pressure of existence upon subsistence, greatly reduced and kept down the native population. But the Pax Britannica extending its protection from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, improved sanitation and wider irrigation, permitted the Indian population to increase rapidly. Thus, when a widespread drought and consequent failure of the crops ensued, the problem of fighting the famine was all the more tremendous one.

The three hundred millions of people in India, even the best of times, live from hand to mouth, but now thirty millions of them—six times the population of our entire Dominion—are face to face with famine. This is a situation which it is almost impossible for us to conceive. The Indian Government is, at vast cost, furnishing work in making roads and irrigation canals for three millions, and must keep this up for eight long months.

Great Britain, amid the stress and strain of a great war, is sending vast sums to the relief of her Indian subjects. But the appeal for food is made to the wide world. The claims of misery know no nationality, they appeal to the universal heart of man. Our American neighbours are generously responding, as they did three years ago, and are sending ship after ship with food products to the succour of these foreign peoples. Now is

Canada's Opportunity.

The glorious conception of the unity and solidarity of the Empire is being developed as never before. The generous gifts of Canada three years ago called forth warmest commendation from the Motherland and the remote dependency beneath the Southern Cross. Canada has sent her most precious treasure, the flower of our youth, the pride of our homes, to fight the battles of the Empire on the African veldt. She can add to this the lesser gift of generous aid to the famine-smitten members of the Empire in India.

"He gives twice," says the Latin proverb, "who gives quickly." Our Book Stewards in Toronto and Halifax have kindly consented to act as treasurers for a special Methodist Famine Fund. Three years ago our Church in Canada sent through this channel alone about $7,000. The sums contributed will be administered by the Wesleyan missionaries in the famine regions of India, who can make a dollar go as far as possible in the succour of the famine victims. Notwithstanding the many calls of the times for special effort, this is an appeal which should not be unheard nor unheeded. Our barns are filled with plenty and our flocks and herds are multiplied, the wealth of field and forest and mine abounds. A generous grant from the Dominion and local Legislatures would be an offering well-pleasing to Almighty God and a boon of infinite value to His perishing poor, and would knit the bonds of brotherhood of Britain's world-wide Empire as nothing else can do.

Items.

Dr. Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, who has recently returned from India, bears testimony to the powerful influence exerted by the missionaries upon the Hindu, even when the Gospel is not openly accepted. He says: "I found more appreciation of the good things in Hindu men and in the Hindu religion among the missionaries than in any other class of the European community. It is possible that the missionary does more to reconcile the Hindu to the British *régime* than any other single Western element operating in India."

The Australian Wesleyan general secretary of missions, in order to revive and intensify enthusiasm for the work under his charge, has projected an excursion of visitation to the principal stations where it is carried on. He has arranged to charter a vessel which, if one hundred passengers are secured, will make a voyage of 6,120 miles, visiting points in Australia, New Guinea, New Britain, the New Hebrides, Norfolk Island, etc.

"There are to-day only 41,560,600 Moslems under Mohammedan rulers; *i.e.*, in Turkey, Persia, parts of Arabia, Afghanistan and Morocco," says the *Missionary Review*, "while there are 99,552,477 under nominally Christian rulers. And three-fourths of this vast number are subject to the Protestant queens Victoria and Wilhelmina. Well may Abdul Hamid II. tremble on his tottering throne for his caliphate when two 'infidel women' hold the balance of power in the Mohammedan world. This is the finger of God."

The *British Weekly* is printing letters relative to the desirability of British Churches settling upon a definite time limit to pastoral service. Many of the correspondents agree upon the term of seven years as the proper one for shepherds and flock to do and receive the greatest benefit.

The Irish Methodist Church occupies a quite unique position. It is not associated with the persecutions and cruelties which have naturally made the name "Protestant" hateful to the majority of the Irish race. Moreover, unlike the Presbyterian Church, it is not practically confined to one province of Ireland, but is found everywhere.

Is Methodism a Church?

In an open letter to the press, Canon Hammond, of the Established Church of England, challenges the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' charge to the newly ordained ministers of the Wesleyan Conference. He revives the mediæval fiction of apostolical succession, and magnifies the claims of the Church established by law as the true and, by inference, the only Church of Christ on earth. Price Hughes sweeps aside, as merest trivialities, these groundless assumptions, and maintains that where Christ is, there is the Church—"Ubi Christus ibi Ecclesia." He maintains the validity of Methodism as a branch of the true vine by the fruit which it bears.

"I unhesitatingly assert," he says, "that the condition and prospects of Methodism are immeasurably brighter to-day than ever before, either in Wesley's time or since. I do not refer mainly or chiefly to such an unparalleled demonstration as the Million Guineas Fund, although that is not to be despised, for it is essentially the outcome of devotion to Christ. But I refer particularly to the fact that we now witness conversions, especially in the great centres of population, on a scale far beyond anything recorded a century ago. There are shortcomings on our part which should humble us into the very dust. But, none the less, never did Methodism as such, Methodism as an organized, separate Church, enjoy, all the world over, such manifest and manifold evidences of the presence and blessing, of the sanction and approval of Jesus Christ as in the closing decades of the nineteenth century."

Recent Deaths.

Scarcely ever does a month pass that does not chronicle the removal from among us of some brother beloved in the Gospel. Since the last issue of this magazine no less than four honoured brethren have been summoned from labour to reward. Three of these had earned an honourable discharge from the service of the Church after long years of arduous toil. They were

> Only waiting till the shadows
> Were a little longer grown,
> Only waiting till the sunset's
> Last and faintest gleam was gone.

In the case of the other, the light failed while it was yet noon. In the full plenitude of his powers and efficiency he was summoned from his beloved toil to endless rest.

The Rev. Richard Whiting.

The venerable and beloved Richard Whiting was summoned with tragic suddenness from among us on the 4th of March, in the eightieth year of his age, after over half a century spent in the ministry of the Methodist Church. His benignant manner, his saintly spirit, his long life of usefulness, won for him the love and admiration of his brethren. Most of his ministration has been within the bounds of what is now the Montreal Conference. Five years ago he preached his jubilee sermon at Smith's Falls with a youthful vigour that won for him the playful epithet of "the boy preacher." We have received no particulars of his last illness and death, but no last words are needed to crown such a holy life as that of Father Whiting. "The good, grey head that all men knew," the benign countenance that all men loved, will be sorely missed from the Conference and our religious assemblies.

The Rev. Dr. Pope.

By the death of the Rev. Dr. Pope, the Methodism of the Maritime Provinces has lost one of its oldest and most highly venerated ministers. He entered upon his life-work over half a century ago. He occupied some of the foremost churches and received the highest honours that his brethren could confer upon him. He was seven times elected financial secretary, six times chairman of the district, served as co-delegate, Conference President, and representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, was member of the Joint Committee on our Methodist Union in Canada, and General Conference delegate. He was a gentleman of dignified presence, of genial manners, of singularly winning address, and of saintly spirit. Ill-health compelled his retirement from active work several years since, but as strength permitted, he exercised a ministry "all the more influential in some respects," says the *Wesleyan*, "that it was unofficial." He impressed those with whom he came in contact as being in the best sense a Christian gentleman. His pulpit style was chaste, eloquent and dignified, and his power in public prayer, particularly when his emotions were deeply wrought on, was phenomenal. Our sense of personal loss at the death of Dr. Pope is very keen. During repeated visits to St. John no words can describe his more than brotherly kindness.

The Rev. Robert Johnson.

The Rev. Robert Johnson, of Bethany, had reached the patriarchal age of seventy-two when he entered into rest. He joined the ministry of the New Connexion Church in the year 1867. His fields of labour have been chiefly in Western Ontario. Twelve years ago his growing infirmities compelled his superannuation. Devout men bore him to his burial and sang through their tears, "Rejoice, for a brother is released."

The Rev. John E. Lanceley.

The Rev. John E. Lanceley was one of the best known and best beloved ministers of the Methodist Church in Canada. His eminent gifts in the pulpit, on the platform, and in the religious press, won for him a wide recognition, not only throughout the length and breadth of this Dominion, but also in the neighbouring Republic and in Great Britain. There was a vein of poetic genius in his make-up, a glow of humour, illuminated by flashes of wit, in his public and private utterances that won their way to the hearts of his hearers. We have elsewhere paid our tribute at greater length to his character and work.

It is a touching coincidence that in the present number of this magazine appears Brother Lanceley's last contribution to the religious press of Canada. Before he was stricken with his mortal illness, we had requested another contribution from his facile pen, and hope to reproduce from his MSS. this article. A few weeks ago he preached in the Metropolitan Church, from the words, "And they sang a new song," a sermon full of genius and inspiration, depicting the joys of the redeemed. We little thought how soon his own voice was to blend with the sevenfold chorus in hallelujahs of the redeemed.

Dr. James M. Freeman.

Dr. Freeman is best known to Canadian readers from his labours in connection with Sunday-school work. He was for many years assistant secretary of the Methodist Sunday School Union, and the author of numerous books, the most valuable being "Bible Manners and Customs," "Short History of the English Bible," and others on the Book of books. He passed away February 27th, at the ripe age of seventy-three.

Book Notices.

God's Gentlemen. By Rev. R. E. Welsh, M.A. London: James Bowden. Toronto; William Briggs. 12mo, pp. xiii 251.

This is a book of unusual vigour and vivacity. The author writes in a vein of Christian philosophy, blended with poetic feeling and fine literary skill. The very titles of his essays indicate their wide range and elevated plane. Among these are: A Medicated Memory; The Glamour of Life—1, Angelic Illusions; 2, The Ape of God; The Cynic and the Enthusiast; Chambers of Imagery; Exiles of the Church. We can best indicate the character of these essays by quotation from that which gives the book its title:

"God has his own gentlemen, and they are not identical with the gentlemen of fashion. The word 'gentleman' has a charm, a hint and flavour of something fine and incommunicable, which touches and appeals to every man who respects himself and desires to be respected. There are few affronts which a man resents more keenly than to be told he is 'no gentleman'; and there are few tributes which he tastes with better relish than to be accredited 'a thorough gentleman.'

"Some there are who profess a preference to be called *men* rather than gentlemen, or *women* rather than ladies. If this be anything more than a passing fancy, it may spring partly from the democratic spirit of the age, which takes pride in the bond of universal brotherhood. It may also spring in part from the diffused sentiment of Him who delighted to call Himself 'the Son of man,' claiming thus to be one with common humanity.

"Measured by the false standard of society, Jesus was not a gentleman, since he was a working carpenter—although humanly he was of the purest blood, of the best Jewish family. He has, however, rescued the much-abused name of gentleman from the false and fantastic associations with which society has encrusted it, by creating a nobler standard of measurement.

"Christians are God's gentlemen—if they are Christian so far forth as to have the spirit and tone of their prototype suffusing them. The phrase has floated down to us from Hare's suggestive 'Guesses at Truth': 'A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.' A vital Christian life carries or ought to carry with it the refinement of all our instincts. It implies a quickened sense of all that is courteous, gracious, honourable, winsome, and chivalrous.

"The same Christ who cleanses heart and conscience from the defilement of sin breeds a spirit of kindly consideration for others, a new feeling for the seemly and beautiful in behaviour, a self-denying disposition to serve and smooth the way of the weak. Christianity, wherever it is a living force, tends to refine and ennoble—as witness many a home and many an individual life into which Christ has entered, making things clean and sweet. He trains delicacy of feeling, sharpens humane perceptions, and quickens sensibility to the condition of others. If He abides in us, He gives us the calm poise of serenity of heart.

"By revealing potential worth in all, He teaches us to 'honour all men,' bidding us 'look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' Christian love 'doth not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked.' Never was there written a finer panegyric than 1 Corinthians xiii. on what lies at the root of all gentlemanliness.

"Christ has set the fashion for a perfect manhood and for a perfect manner of life. What calm dignity, springing from a heart tranquil and strong! What self-restraint when baited by unmannerly opponents! What tender regard, even up to his last moments on the cross, for womanhood and motherhood! What delicacy of feeling when unblushing men dragged before Him a frail sister and her impure life, at which He could but stoop in modest shame! What considerate regard for the lonely widow whose only son was being carried to his grave! How ready to 'lose Himself' and serve, even unto washing the disciples' feet! How deeply was He troubled when at a dinner He saw the guests pushing and contending for the best seats! When He went into the house of wealthy Simon the Pharisee and His host failed to show Him the usual courtesies of oriental life, and when the woman who was a sinner stole in and with her tears and hair and ointment performed the omitted service upon His feet and head, how graciously He honoured her modest devotion, and

how deftly He rebuked His host's lack of courtesy!

"A Christian is called to be a Gentleman of Jesus. A Christian is a man of the highest birth—born from above—and of the best blood, the blood of Jesus Christ running in the veins of his being. *Noblesse Oblige;* and Christians have their own *noblesse*, which must ever move them to 'behave as becometh the Gospel.' Much that is required of us is imposed by no definite law. But *Noblesse Oblige;* the motive that incites us is the law of becomingness—that we do not 'behave ourselves unseemly,' that we 'walk worthy of God, who hath called us to His kingdom and glory.'"

The Sky Pilot. A tale of the Foothills. By RALPH CONNOR, author of "Black Rock," etc. Toronto: The Westminster Company, Limited, and William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The story of "Black Rock," a tale of Canadian life in the Selkirks, at once caught the ear of the English-speaking world. It is very high praise to say that "the Sky Pilot" is a worthy successor to that story. It gives a graphic picture of Western life in the ranching country of the Foothills: of the rough and often profane and reckless cowboys, who have, nevertheless, a vein of chivalry and nobleness in their character; and the efforts of the Sky Pilot to bring the Gospel and its ordinances to bear upon their lives. It is a scene worthy of a painter when the young missionary stood up at the bar in the drinking saloon and announced the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul" to his cowboy congregation. The Sky Pilot won their hearts, fought valiantly against the gambling and drink demons, by the aid of the cowboys built a church, and the day it was opened, lay dying in his shack. The pathos of his funeral is akin to that of Ian MacLaren's "Weelum Maclure." The character of Gwen, the passionate child of the prairies, smitten into life-long suffering while trying to rescue an Indian boy from a cattle stampede, but led by the Pilot to peace through believing, is a very tender and beautiful episode. The humour of the story finds its culmination when "Broncho Bill" and his "pard" bluff the Scotch settlers into building the church. Bill becomes a trophy of the Pilot's love and tact, and himself utters, with breaking heart, the dedication prayer at its opening. This is a strong, virile story, one of the best-written by a Canadian on a Canadian theme.

Stephen the Black. By CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON, author of "Your Little Brother James." Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., 103-105 South Fifteenth Street. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The accomplished author of the story "Your Little Brother James," has written another "novel with a purpose." Its object is to show the disabilities and wrongs under which the coloured population of the United States continue to labour, even a third of a century after emancipation. The nation has confessedly a very difficult problem to solve, but it can only be solved on the principles of righteousness and justice. The tale is one of intense, and sometimes harrowing, interest. Stephen the Black is a man in whose veins there is an infusion of white blood, but he stands loyally by the coloured race, and seeks by a process of education to lift them to a higher level. The difficulties he encounters, the obstructions, the short time in the year permitted for school instruction, the hatred and antagonism of the poor whites, the bitter persecution of the blacks, culminating in two attempts to assassinate Stephen by lynch law, are a very black record, which the reports of lynching atrocities indicate has many parallels in the South.

True Motherhood. By JAMES C. FERNALD. 12mo, white leatherette. Price, 60 cts. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

There is danger of decadence of charter-making home-life. The tendency of young men and women is away from the roof-tree of the past. The young man wanders off in search of fabulous wealth. The young woman prefers a public career, however insignificant, to home-life. In the essays comprising "True Motherhood" Mr. Fernald treats all sides of the momentous question of present-day womanhood, and in such a delicate, considerate, and philosophical way that even those who might be inclined to oppose his views must read his argument with deep interest. The gist of Mr. Fernald's argument is that by the ministry of the home woman is not shut out of the world's great work, but is doing it at the greatest advantage. There is not a note of despair in these chapters. The author is optimistic, with not a tinge of pessimism, and he lifts the curtain of futurity upon a scene of highly advanced civilization.

The Sabbath Transferred. By Rev. Johns D. Parker, Ph.D. East Orange, N.J.: Johns D. Parker & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The question is often raised as to how the obligation to keep holy the Sabbath day was transferred from the last to the first day of the week. This book undertakes to answer that question.

"The transferred Sabbath commemorates both the old and the new Creation, preserves the Fourth Commandment in all its primal integrity, gives the Christian world the results of the unfolding economies of grace, and honours the Risen Lord, who came forth from the sepulchre as a mighty conqueror."

Dr. Parker is an accomplished scholar, and his book is introduced by Dr. F. N. Peloubet, the well-known author of the "Notes on the International Sunday-School Lessons."

Literary Note.

"Canadian History" is the title of a series of pamphlets, published by G. U. Hay, St. John, N.B., on striking events in the history of the Dominion. There will be twelve of these, issued quarterly. They cost ten cents each, or one dollar for the series. The current number has an able article by Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G., on the siege of Louisburg in 1759.

INTERCESSIONAL.

BY J. A. MERIVALE.

God of the nations! in whose hand
Are held the destinies of our land,
  By whom we stand or fall;
Who, throned above the battle's blast,
Dost guide the issue, first and last,—
  Jehovah! hear our call!

We pray to Thee, we turn to Thee,
For in Thy chastisement we see
  The signal of Thy love;
Bidding us rise and cast away
Luxurious ease, and in the fray
  Once more our metal prove.

We ask Thee for a steadfast mind
To press right on, nor look behind,
  Nor swerve to either side;
To face the inevitable days,
The flying rumours, long delays,
  And sting of humbled pride.

And for a generous spirit, strong
To put aside the burning wrong
  Of outraged flag and cross:
And give our foes, that rarest gift,
An equal judgment, pardon swift,
  Heedless of gain or loss.

We ask Thee for a resolute will
To fight and vanquish, guarding still
  Our fathers' hard-won place;
Sons of the venturous sea-kings' brood,
Who bare of old o'er land and flood
  The banner of our race.

And if it be that we must yield
Thrice to the foe the stubborn field
  And adverse fortune meet;
To gather counsel from distress,
Through failure to achieve success,
  Wrest victory from defeat.

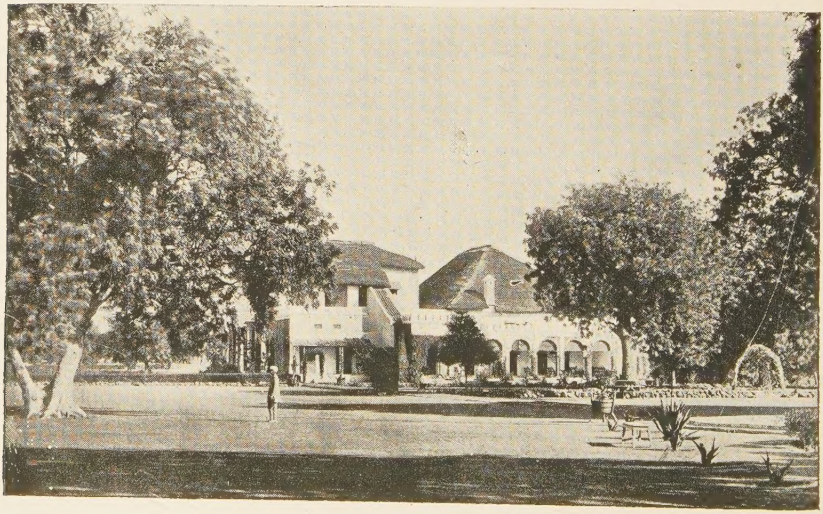
We praise Thee for the fall'n, who gave
Their life-blood for a soldier's grave,—
  A prouder mark we set
Than idle tears, upon their brow
Who died, lest England should lie low
  With broken coronet.

For lo! the kingdoms wax and wane,
They spring to power, and pass again
  And ripen to decay;
But England, sound in hand and heart,
Is worthy still to play her part
  To-day as yesterday.

Not till her age-long task is o'er
To Thee, O God, may she restore
  The sceptre and the crown.
Nor then shall die: but live anew
In those fair daughter-lands, which drew
Their life from hers, and shall renew
  In them her old renown.

—*London Spectator.*

THE TEACHERS AND NORMAL STUDENTS, GIRLS' TRAINING SCHOOL, MADURA.



A TYPICAL EUROPEAN BUNGALOW, INDIA.